THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Vol. LVII. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 Sansom Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1878. $2.00 a Year in Advance, Five Cents a Copy. No. 37.

DRIFTING.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

I.

I drift upon Life's stormy waves,
Sorely tempest-tossed and torn;
The wintry wind that o'er me raves
Leaves me chilled and weak and worn!

II.

Life once seemed a fairy vision,
Full of sunshine's warming beams,
Decked with rainbow hues Elysian,
Tinting all with glowing gleams.

III.

Bravely onward, in Life's quicksands,
Lightly trod my careless feet;
Fair wayside roses filled my hands,
That swiftly shed their petals sweet.

IV.

Slowly down Time's ruthless river
Floats my "Barque of Destiny!"
Where bright wavelets gleam and quiver
Hiding many a mystery.

V.

Seeking some safe and sheltered haven,
To anchor in from stormy weather,
When my faint heart with spirit craven,
Fails in every weak endeavor.

VI.

Soft zephyrs swell my snowy sails
And breathe Hope's perfumes o'er me,
That seem to float from flowery vales,
Outspread along before me.

VII.

Oh, Fate! no longer cruel be;
Let thy grim face smile on me,
On some sunlit, flower-wreathed shore
Moor my barque forevermore!

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"MY OWN STRICKEN DEER."

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in thy heart,
I know but I love thee whatever thou art.
—*Moore.*

Yes, Hilda Sforza in very deed—the singer of the streets of the Eternal City, whom he had so wildly loved and so strangely lost; the woman he had searched all Europe for, to find her in the very shadow of his own home—Hilda Sforza, whom he had clasped to his breast on that summer evening with such passionate idolatry, only to loosen his loving arms with a sick shudder at the revelation that she was another man's wife.

Was he dreaming? Had the sight of the miniature, and the wild thoughts it had prompted, called up the phantom of the lost beauty it represented? Had his invocation been heard, and did the spirit of the lost Hilda really stand before him, that he might feast his eyes once more upon the loveliness that had wrought him so much woe?

He was not a superstitious man—he had not the slightest belief in ghosts, omens, or warnings—nor did he allow that disembodied spirits ever returned to the earth in any shape or fashion; yet, all his good sense and realistic notions notwithstanding, a cold chill passed through him as he saw the silent figure which his words seemed to have conjured up to confront him.

It was Hilda; but not the Hilda, radiant with life and light, whom he had held to his heart in the Castletowers woods, nor yet the Hilda on whose dead finger he had placed his ring in despairing farewell; but a pale shadow of the brilliant vision—a living presentment of the pale corpse. She looked as though she had passed through suffering and sorrow. Her face was thin and her eyes large and bright, with dark circles under them, and her wonderful tresses, which used to hang about her like a cloud, had vanished, and in their place was a mass of glossy black hair which totally altered the expression of her face.

For a minute the duke could not speak. The strange vision, for such he almost thought it, seemed to take away all power of words from him. She was wrapped from head to foot in something white, which she held clasped in her hand at the throat, in the same fashion that the artist had depicted in his miniature of Circe. It was an accidental coincidence—she had not seen the picture—but it made her look still more unreal, and like a thing of imagination only.

The ring he had put on her finger so long ago glittered there still, and sparkled in the soft light with a strange radiance. She looked at him for a moment, and then stretched out the hand with the gem upon it, and looked appealingly at him.

"Hilda," he exclaimed, in a harsh whisper, "is it you!"

"It is I."

He paused again, literally unable to frame words to speak to her. Not one hint that she was not dead had ever reached his ears, or the ears of any one belonging to him, and he could not believe his senses.

"Give me your hand," he said, hoarsely; let me know that you are in very deed a living, breathing woman, and no fancy of a fevered brain."

"I am Hilda Sforza, my lord," she said, in her most musical tones; "a friendless, forlorn woman, come to you for the help your love would once have given me."

"Friendless! forlorn!" he said, in a low, passionate tone; "you are free, Hilda, and that is enough for me. Come to me, my darling, and learn how friendless and forlorn you shall be in the future while Lionel Breakspeare lives."

He caught her in his arms, and held her to his heart with a fervor that showed how deeply rooted his strangely inspired love had been. Her head was hidden upon his shoulder, and he failed to see the wild light of triumph in her eyes or guess at the scheming of her busy brain. She was free and unfettered, and had sought him in her desolation—that was enough for him to know.

"I did not dream of this, my lord," she said, when at length she was released, all but the hand that wore the ring, which he kept close prisoner. "I thought you would help me, perhaps—I never dreamed that you would——"

"Love you still. Ah, Hilda, did you not know that my hopeless love for you, my grief for your death, sent me out here an exile from all I held dear? All my hopes, all my ambition, went down into the grave with you. They will rise to new life now that you have risen too. You will not dash them down again, will you?—you will not let anything come between us?"

"My lord!" and Hilda's voice sank very low, as though with agitated doubt; "do you know what you are saying—you, one of England's proudest peers—to me, the penniless widow of a commoner, the nameless daughter of an obscure artist, the beggar who sang in the streets for charity?"

"I do know," was his passionate reply; and indeed the madness of this strange love seemed to have turned his brain, "I know that the Duke of Castletowers prays the only woman he ever loved not to leave him again in the coldness and darkness of his lonely life."

"Stay, my lord," she said, putting up her hand to stop him, "I was not prepared for this. I came here to beg of you the help I was sure your generosity would give me—to ask you to help me to live somehow. I am a widow, as you know, with nothing but my own two hands to earn my bread; and, alas! they have never been trained to do anything. As the prodigal says in the parable, 'I cannot dig—to beg I am ashamed.'"

"Ashamed to beg of me, Hilda—to ask help of the man who would give you his whole life if it would save you one moment's pain? Unless I have faded out of your heart in all this weary time——"

"My lord!"

"If I still have a corner in it, let me make sure that your future shall be at least beyond the reach of poverty. Say you care for me a little. You are free. Do not dash down my hopes by telling me that any other——"

"Stop, my lord duke," said Hilda, with tears rising brightly in her eyes, and quivering on her dark lashes. "If such a thing was possible, think you that I should be here? My heart never held but one image—one impressed there in a moment like a lighting flash."

She looked at him as she spoke the lie, wondering whether he would remember her non-recognition of him in the woods of Castletowers; but his blind infatuation made him oblivious of everything but her presence, and her smiling, bewildering beauty. A very Circe she was, indeed; she robbed him of sense, memory, self-respect—everything that a man should hold dear.

She knew it—she knew that, poor, friendless, wicked as she was, she could turn this lord of many lands round her little finger if she so chose, and make him a very reed in her grasp.

He remembered nothing but that she was with him once again, and looked with all his wealth of love into her false eyes.

"Was that image mine, Hilda?" he asked, in a low, earnest tone. "Was it to me you gave your heart?"

"It was."

"And you love me still?"

"Alas, I do!"

"Why alas!"

"Why, my lord? Can you ask? What can there be but misery for me in such a love. What has there been since the day when I fell fainting at your feet in the streets of Rome? You know what Shakespeare says—

The mind that would be mated with the lion
Must die for love.

We don't die for love in these days—we only eat our heart out and hate the world in silence."

"And do you hate the world because you love me—because I worship you, adore the ground you tread upon envy, the air that may kiss your cheeks unbidden—would die to serve you? Do you hate your life because of these things?"

"I do, because your love must be nothing to me—because between you and I there must be a gulf fixed as wide as between Dives and Lazarus. Help me, my lord, and let me go. I was wrong to come here."

"No, you were right—right to come straight to the heart that must be your resting place from henceforth. Sit down by me, and be content to know you have come home."

"Home!"

"Yes, home. As soon as money can purchase speed—and it can do it even in church matters—you shall be my wife, Hilda Duchess of Castletowers! Does like the picture? Have you ever thought of it in your dreams?"

Aye, had she in dreams, both sleeping and waking, prayed for it, schemed for it, sinned for it; and yet now, when the words were spoken, the thought seemed to strike with a sudden chill to her heart, as though in listening to them she had heard her death warrant.

"Have I frightened you, my poor Hilda?" he said, as she bowed her head upon her hands and burst into hysterical tears. "Don't be afraid, my darling. If you love me, you will get used to the thought very soon. Sit still, and tell me how you came to be alive, and how you came here, and how—ah, that is the greatest question of all—you came to marry poor Bracy Burgoyne, if you loved me."

And Hilda looked straight into his face and lied as evil women can lie, without a quiver of her rosy lips or a blanching of her dark eye. She told the man she had failed to recognize again when she saw him that her love for him had sprung to life simultaneously with his for her—that from the hour of his carrying her to the hotel in Rome his image, and none other, had occupied her heart. She married Bracy Burgoyne out of gratitude, she said. He had helped her father and her through many a strait, and she had seen no one she liked better.

"Till you came," she added, with a crimson flush that made her beauty almost unearthly; "and then it was hard work to keep my promise; but I did, and tried to be what a faithful wife ought to be to her husband. But he guessed my secret, and when I so nearly died——"

"When I thought you dead—aye, that was a bitter time for me, my darling! What did he do then?"

"He took me away and made me live under a false name, till I was weary of my life, until——"

"Until what?"

"Until I found out by accident that you had visited me in my insensibility—that your lips had touched mine—that your hands had placed this dear ring on my finger and then——"

"What then, my own?"

"I hardly know. I only know that the world seemed to brighten round me from that hour. I was fettered to a man who was weary of his fancy, who left me for weeks together to brood in silent listlessness over what might have been, but somehow the thought of you, even when you were thousands of miles away, seemed to make a bright spot in my dull life."

"I will make all your life bright from this hour, my darling. You shall tell me all that has befallen you to-morrow. I must think where to bestow you as my future wife should be lodged. Abdoul!"

He called out into the verandah as he spoke, and she clung to his arm in terror.

"Ah, do not let your servants see me," she said. "What will they think?"

"They think whatever their master chooses," he said, with a smile. "Don't be afraid. They will think whatever you choose after awhile. Abdoul, I say!"

"Here, sahib."

And Abdoul entered with a profound salaam, and though he marvelled much of the presence of a mem sahib he did not know in his master's room, and wondered where on earth she had come from—for he had not seen her come in—he never suffered a muscle of his aristocratic face to move, and waited his master's command in silence.

"Bring coffee, and be quick."

Abdoul departed, and the duke turned to his writing table and hurriedly penned a short note.

"I have been thinking where to bestow you," he said; "where you will be most happy and at home till I can give you the right to call this house your own. I have thought of a lady who is kind, motherly, and companionable as well. She will not ask you any questions, and will be glad of the assistance your being with her will be to her."

"I will do anything you wish," said Hilda, humbly. "I cannot find words to express my gratitude. But do nothing rashly, my lord, I implore you. Think well before you take a step you cannot retrieve."

For answer he lifted her face to his, and took a long, loving kiss from her lips.

"Be content, my wife that is to be," he said. "What is done is done. You were my bride to all eternity from the first hour of our meeting. My heart never had place for any other woman in it."

Abdoul entered with the coffee, and served it in grave silence.

"Take this note to Captain Ransome's bungalow," the duke said, "and bring me back an answer. Lose no time. I want to see Mrs. Ransome this evening."

Mrs. Ransome was the middle-aged wife of the senior captain, with nothing but her husband's pay to support her family on, and her boys in England were expensive; and cost her many a heartache. It was hard work to live and keep up appearances among the other ladies, who rather looked down upon her because her husband had won his rank upon the field of Sobraon, and came out of the field an officer and a gentleman, whereas he had gone in only as a color-sergeant. But the duke had made matters much better for her since he had come to the regiment. He thoroughly appreciated the sound common sense and valuable military knowledge which made Captain Ransome worth more in the regiment than all the other officers put together, and he equally liked his sonsy, sensible wife, whom even the Indian climate could not make lazy, slovenly, and dirty, as it did many of the officers' wives.

She was a businesslike, practical woman, loved alike by the men and their wives. She was not proud—she understood their troubles, and would talk them over with them in a friendly way, with a perfect knowledge of where the grievance lay. She was just the woman to help the duke in his dilemma, and to her he resolved to apply.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE STRENGTH OF THE SPELL.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive,
—*Scott.*

While Abdoul was gone with the note, the duke asked Hilda how she came to be so forlorn and friendless.

"Did your husband leave you nothing?" he asked. "I thought he was a man of means."

"So he was, I believe," she replied.

"Believe!"

"I cannot tell; I do not know. He complained of shortened means and want of money for many months before—before his death; but he made no confident of me. I never knew what his means were."

"But, child, was there nothing left for you at his death? No care taken of you—no will?"

"Oh, do not ask me—do not talk of it!" exclaimed Hilda, shuddering violently. It was horrible—horrible! I told you he was weary of me—that he left me for long periods. That was one of them. When that awful accident happened that made me a widow I was alone—had been for many, many weeks—sick almost to death in a strange lodging."

"Had you quarrelled?

"No; his love had worn out. Perhaps the fault was mine. He left me one day, and I never saw anything more of him but his grave. Standing by his tomb, I made up my mind to come here; to look upon your face once more, and then die if the fates so decreed. I was penniless almost. Whatever property my husband possessed seems to have vanished into the air, and I never heard of any will. I had not even my marriage certificate to prove that I was his wife, and I felt so friendless. I would rather die than go to the only relation I had ever heard my husband speak of—a Miss Burgoyne—for help."

"Well, by all accounts, that would not have been much use," said the duke, stroking her glossy hair. "But go on, dear. I see Miss Burgoyne has advertised for information respecting her nephew's belongings. I wonder if she ever got them."

"I know she did not."

"You know!"

"Yes; I saw Miss Burgoyne in Florence."

"You!"

"Yes."

"But how?"

"Shall I tell you what I have done, my lord? Ah, take your hand away. You may not care to let it rest on mine so lovingly when you hear how I schemed and plotted to get here. I don't think it was a very wicked thing. I had no evil intent in doing it, and it has done what I wanted: brought me face to face with you."

"What have you done?" he asked, "Tell me the whole story. Anything that the Duchess of Castletowers will be ashamed to remember when her husband welcomes her to the home of his fathers?"

It seemed as though the very sound of the title reassured her, and she looked boldly in his face, and said—

"No; better women than I have masqueraded before now. I only took another person's name, and I did it no discredit while I bore it. Plenty of people can testify to that."

"Who's name?"

"A dead woman's. When I was at my very lowest strait in London, hardly knowing where to turn for a meal, much less for how to get to India, I was lodging with a woman whose husband had been a soldier and spent many years out here. I gathered a lot of information from him about the country and the stations here. 'You should get a situation in some family going out, miss,' he said; 'there's many a governess and companion wanted by ladies that are going out.' Good advice; but how was I to take it? Who would have me without character or credentials—an unowned wife; with no means of proving that I was in very deed a widow, and not a thing to be passed by in scorn and contempt? I pondered over it for long—each day starvation staring me more nearly in the face—till accident suggested a way. There was a terrible shipwreck off the north coast of Ireland, and the brother of the landlord was one of the survivors. He came home battered and bruised to be nursed back to health, and he told us the story of the wreck in the minutest details. But most of all he talked of a Miss Honore Chantrelle—an orphan girl, to whom it appeared he was attached, and who was among those drowned. The people she was coming over with were drowned also. She had no friends who could identify her, and all her possessions had gone to the bottom of the sea with her.

"He possessed a portrait of her—a faded, watersained thing in a locket, but sufficient to show me what the dead girl was like. In an instant the scheme flashed into my head. I would be Honore Chantrelle. Perhaps people would give to an orphan girl the help and countenance they would not bestow upon an unowned wife. I resolved to try. I left the house and sought fresh lodgings, and with the aid of this black wig and a stained face I made a very fair presentment of the dead girl, and so completely sunk every trace of Hilda Sforza that I passed your sister's scrutiny unchallenged."

"My sister!"

"Yes; I had the honor of meeting Lady Euphemia in Florence. I was governess in the family of the Rev. Justin Saltire."

"Ah, I've heard of Saltire. How did you get to him?"

"Fate—*kismet*—chance—destiny—call it what you like. It was to be and came about. I wanted to get with some one connected with the army, and I went to him. I gave them satisfaction; he was ordered out to India, and I was permitted to come too. That's the whole story, my lord. I left Lucknow last night by dark, and here I am."

"But why in disguise, my darling!"

"Because Mr. Saltire found out the night before that I was not that French orphan girl, and threatened me with all the penalties of the law. What he thinks I am he did not condescend to tell me, but he locked me in my room. I managed to get out. Will you hand me over to the clutches of offended justice, or will you let me go?"

"Hand you over to justice! Let you go! I will do neither, my darling. You know what I shall do—keep you by my side, and help you face whatever storms the world may have for you in the future. It was a desperate thing to do, my Hilda. Could you find no other way?"

"No other way to get to you," she said. "Even to get sent across the sea as an emigrant in the steerage of some big ship you want some sort of a recommendation. I had not a friend in all the wide world to help me."

"But why not write!"

"I couldn't. I could not write and ask you for alms. Write—perhaps have my letters opened by another woman—your wife maybe. I felt I must come and know for myself if you still loved the poor girl you had once made so happy with your smiles."

"If, Hilda? There is no if in my love for you. It is my life, my whole existence. My darling, for this awkward piece of business about the name you assumed, I will make matters right with the reverend chaplain at Lucknow. He will find it convenient to forget everything that happened to the Duchess of Castletowers in future. By the way how did he come to find it out?"

"Some one in Lucknow knew her—a lady—a Mrs. Lefevre."

"Ah, the colonel's wife—a good little woman, but an arrant gadabout and gossip. We'll stop her mouth too, She'll be very good friends with her grace the Duchess of Castletowers."

Hilda's heart leaped with proud triumph at every repetition of her future title.

"Do me a favor, my lord," she said.

"What is it?"

"Let me be Honore Chantrelle still while I am here. Keep the secret of who I am till I go back to England."

"Oh, you want to burst upon the world in a blaze of triumph all at once—is that it? Am I not to tell Phemie?"

"Oh, no."

"I have'n't any parents and guardians to confess to," he said; "so I suppose it doesn't matter much. But why are you so anxious for secrecy, darling? I should like to publish my happiness to all the world if I could."

"I am supposed to be dead, you know, my lord; they will think you are marrying a ghost. Let me have my way in this one thing, and you shall guide me ever after in all things."

Once let her become Duchess of Castletowers, and all would be well. She would be above the breath of slander or suspicion; and she would so feed the flame of his unreasoning, idolatrous love that all evil should pass by her in his sheltering care, as though there had never been a doubt in her career, or a breath of suspicion on her fair fame.

"You will grant me this favor, will you not?" she asked, looking up at him with her Circe eyes. "The first I ever asked of you."

"Grant it, my darling; I can refuse you nothing. The Duke of Castletowers can afford to be a nine days' wonder if he chooses. Be Honore Chantrelle if you will, and we will take the world by surprise when we go home. Home! Ah, Hilda, what a sweet word you have made of that for me! What a Paradise we will make of the old home! I would have bought Fernsale too, and kept it up for your sake, but Mr. Burgoyne's successor would not sell it to me."

"His successor?"

"Yes."

"Who is he? Has he been here? Has he been to Ferndale? What is he going to do with it?"

She had risen, and confronted him with staring eyes and an awful pallor on her face, pouring out her questions in a strange, wild way that almost frightened him.

"My darling," he said, "what is the matter? Mr. Mark Douglass, that is his name, has been here; he is a gentlemanly fellow, with a family likeness to his cousin. As far as I can make out, he is going to keep Ferndale for himself. I wish we could have had it, but you mustn't look so white about it. Is the memory of that pretty place painful to you?"

"Painful!" she said, with a shiver; "horrible! I never want to hear of it again. I would never go within a thousand miles of it if it were not at the very gate of Castletowers. You know it was there I first learned what might have been if I had not already been bound."

"And now that is cleared from your path, and you know what you will be, you must forget that there was anything to make Ferndale painful to you. Her grace the duchess may forget the existence of Mrs. Longmore if she so wills."

"Would to heaven she could! Ah, my lord, don't look at me like that. I'm hardly myself to-night. I have gone through so much, hoped and waited so long, and now the joy, the surprise——"

She stopped suddenly, and he was only just in time to catch her in his arms and prevent her falling to the ground.

"Thank heaven, I see Abdoul coming back with Mrs. Ransome;" he said, as he held her to his heart. "Will she think I am mad, I wonder? I expect that will be the universal verdict. Perhaps I am. Perhaps Circe has in very deed enslaved me, and I am under a spell. If so, it is a spell that makes life a paradise, my darling—my darling, your whole future shall be one long atonement for the sorrow and suffering that have brought you to this sorrowful pass."

If Mrs. Ransome thought the duke was mad, and wondered at the apparition she beheld as Abdoul ushered her into his master's room, she allowed no trace of astonishment to appear on her handsome face. Nor did Abdoul seem at all surprised at the unwonted apparition of an insensible woman in his master's arms, but stood as gravely waiting for orders as though he had been a soldier on parade.

"Can I help you, my lord?" asked Mrs. Ransome, stepping forward immediately she saw the state of the case. "If you were to lay her down it would be better. There, that's it. She's only fainted. Your grace need not be alarmed."

"I suppose it is nothing more. She is overfatigued, and has been much agitated. Abdoul, you may go."

"Yes, sahib."

"And keep everybody away—do you hear? Stay within call yourself, you may be wanted."

"Yes, sahib."

Abdoul bowed and withdrew, and the duke turned to the captain's wife.

"I want you to help me in a dilemma, Mrs. Ransome," he said. "This young lady——"

"Let us bring her to herself first, and talk about her afterwards," she said, with a smile, bathing Hilda's forehead with some eau de cologne from a bottle he handed to her. "You can tell me all about her when she's better."

She was in a state of extreme bewilderment, good soul. She, like every one else, had looked upon the duke as a misanthrope, a woman hater, and she more than doubted now that she had been mistaken. She was a little sorry, for she liked her husband's colonel very much, and now it seemed as clear as the sky above their heads that he had been carrying on his amours *sub rosa*, had got into some scrape, and wanted her womanly aid to help him out of it.

Something of her thought was in her face, and he answered it.

"You are mistaken," he said, in a low tone.

"In what?"

"In what you think of me and this lady. She is my wife——"

"Your wife, my lord?"

"That is to be, please heaven. I want you to help me to take care of her till I can make her Duchess of Castletowers. Will you undertake the charge?"

CHAPTER XXX.

SILENCED SCANDAL.

And finds with keen, discriminating sight
Black's not so black, nor white so very white.
—*Canning.*

Mrs. Ransome looked at the duke and then at the recumbent figure on the couch.

"She's coming to herself, your grace," she said. "May I say a word to you before I answer your proposition?"

"A dozen—fifty—if you like."

"Your grace has been very good to Jack and me, and in a measure you hold our fortunes in your hand. I may offend you by what I want to ask, but I'm a rough and ready old woman. Try and think that, and be sure I mean no offense."

"You're a dear, kind, goodnatured soul," said the duke; "I know that. Say away—I shan't be offended whatever it is."

"I'm old enough to be your mother, or I should not speak. I know what young men are—what my own boys are, bless 'em—and how they are led away by fair faces and soft ways and tongues. There's many a pretty face wins the coronet that covers all her sins afterwards. Is this bonnie creature here one that I may take home to my girls without feeling afterwards that I had done what no true mother should?"

"She is—I swear it," the duke replied. "I have been caught by no pretty face out here. My future duchess is no light o'love; you daughters may call her sister without a blush. She is the only woman I ever loved—the woman for whose sake I left home and friends, and exiled myself like this. She is free now, and homeless and friendless. She has made her way to me. Will you take her in, and care for her till matters can be settled? It won't be for long, and I'll make it worth your while. Nay, never fire up—you know well enough that I know that you could not afford to do what I want at your own cost. Jack won't be ashamed to have my affianced wife boarding in his house for a few days."

"Jack isn't ashamed of anything that's honest," Mrs. Ransome said, with a reassured look on her good-tempered face. "We'll do all your grace wants to the best of our power. May I ask the young lady's name?"

"She is Miss Chantrelle for the present," he replied. "That is not her real name,

but it is the one she came to India under, and she will keep it till she takes mine. About everything necessary for her comfort I will see you to-morrow."

When Hilda was sufficiently recovered to sit up and take a glass of wine, she was duly introduced to Mrs. Ransome.

"The truest hearted woman in the regiment," the duke said, laying his hand on the good lady's fat shoulder, "who is going to find room for you in her house till I can take you into mine."

"Mrs. Ransome is very kind," said Hilda, with a smile so sweet, and a voice so rich and mellow in its tone, that all that lady's suspicions and doubts fled to the four winds, and she became a Circe worshipper from that hour.

"It seems as if I had a mother again," she said, in a tone of sad tenderness. "I little thought to find such kindness and sympathy here."

"No one can be aught but kind to you, my darling," the duke said, bending over her. "But Mr. Ransome is kind and sympathizing to every one; the women of the regiment—I don't mean the officers' wives they are the 'ladies' *par excellence*, but the man's wives—worship her, and I think she's a sort of a fetish with the men themselves. She always does the right thing at the right time, and carries sunshine with her wherever she goes."

"Ah! my dear, the duke's a flatterer," Mrs. Ransome said, laughing. "There are plenty of ladies in the regiment that the men in the quarters there would like as well if they knew them. The reason they like me is because I know how to talk to them; I know where the shoe pinches, for Jack rose from the ranks and brought me with him."

"You!"

"Yes, my dear; it's a good many years ago, so, of course, it's polite to forget it. But every lady knows it, all the women know it, and when I go into their houses it's as natural for me to enter into their little troubles as though I were one of them still. The other ladies can give them money and help them, but they can't sympathize. I know how hard it is for Mrs. Brown to have to live next to Mrs. Smith when they havn't settled that little difference about the missing scrubbing brush, and how very unhappy Mrs. Jones feels because she fancies Jones looks oftener than he ought at Mrs. Thomson, whose bonnet cost ever so many rupees more than hers, and who is very pretty to boot. Bless you, my dear, I'm *confidante* in ordinary to the married women, and go about as loaded with secrets as a father confessor."

She laughed, and Hilda laughed too, but she was doubtful. Mrs. Ransome was not a woman she could hoodwink with soft words, and cajole with pretty ways and winning smiles; she was open and straightforward, and would detect any deceit or subterfuge. She must play the open ingenuous *role* with her, and she began immediately.

"I don't know how to thank you, madam, for your kindness, and his grace for choosing you to send me to. Are you quite sure your husband——"

"Oh, I'll answer for Jack, my dear. Will your grace come with Miss Chantrelle and introduce her?"

"Perhaps she will feel more at her ease if you take her to your charming daughters yourself—eh, my darling?"

"I think I should," Hilda replied, with apparent frankness. "Perhaps Mrs. Ransome can find me something to put on till I can get something. I am hardly attired for polite society now."

"Mattie can; she's just about your size, my dear. Will your grace give her a cloak to cross the compound in?"

Abdoul was summoned, and a cloak fetched and put round Hilda, who blushingly received her lover's parting salute and prepared to go. On the threshold she turned, and said, as if in sudden thought—

"My lord!"

"I have a name, darling. You know it?" he whispered.

"Yes."

"Say it, then, and I will listen."

"Lionel."

She spoke it shyly, and yet with loving tenderness, and he pressed the hand he held with a firm, loving clasp that told of protection and support in the future.

"Now, what is it?" he asked.

"Only that, if I am to be Honore Chantrelle any longer, you will have some one else's mouth to stop as well as the people of Lucknow—some one here in your own regiment, I believe."

"Who is that?"

"A Mr. Cartaret. He came over in the same ship with me."

"What does he know?"

"He doesn't know anything, but he suspects everything. He thought he recognized me as Circe one day, and aired his opinions to a friend of his. I knew him a little in Rome, though hardly enough to have recognized him again, but for what he said. Of course, he thinks he is mistaken; but——"

"But he would know you again now for a certainty. I am glad you told me this, dear. Lieutenant Cartaret will not gossip in Cawnpore till his gossip can do no harm. Be sure of that."

Mrs. Ransome took her charge home and introduced her to her astonished husband, and Hilda made friends with the daughters of the house, and before bedtime came had told them her story, and how she came there, in such an artless fashion, that they were enraptured with her, and thought her a veritable angel.

And the duke, with his head in a whirl with joy, astonishment, and love, shut himself into his room to think, and after a brief consideration sent for Lieutenant Cartaret. He was the senior officer in charge of the station, and had absolute power.

"How soon can you be ready to go to Calcutta?" he asked of the astonished young man, who promptly replied—

"In an hour, your grace."

To go to Calcutta, to get away from Cawnpore, which he hated, was Mr. Cartaret's ambition. Surely the duke had been able to read his thoughts thus to propose to him the very thing of all others most agreeable to him.

"Be ready to start at gunfire, then. I have some important papers to send to General Holmes, which I want delivered into his hands before he sails for England. You have never seen Calcutta, I suppose?"

"No, your grace. I came out *via* Bombay."

"Then, take a month's leave, and look about you. Don't dissipate too much and come back fit for nothing. Be here at gunfire, and I will have the papers ready for you."

Mr. Cartaret went his way, probably more astonished than he had ever been in his life, to spend the night in making preparations for his hurried journey.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A bad marriage is like an electric machine—it makes you dance, but you can't let go.

REBA.

IN A COPY OF TENNYSON—BY BOB BOY.

The merriest of this Poet's words recall
But faintly the quick joy I feel, when clear
The silvery accents of thy laughter fall,
In mellow haste on my waiting ear.

The saddest of the Poet's words would fail
To measure my deep grieving should surprise
Of some swift sorrow or slow grief assail
Thee, Reba, charging thy soft breast with sighs.

The tenderest of the Poet's words that bear
Love's breathings!—Ah! that lurking smile again!
I know its merry warning, and just here
Will wisely end my sentimental strain.

AT LAST.

BY P. H. DOYLE.

A pleasant afternoon in early summer. Light, fleecy clouds, just strong enough to temper without obscuring the sun's rays, flit across the skies, occasionally stopping as though to coquet with the fresh breeze. Very beautiful seems the flower-decked carpet of the fields that stretch into soft undulations from the roadway to the thick low clump of woods that hide the horizon far away to the south.

The village was not very distant from the city, yet far enough to retain, together with a smarter fashion in the style of the houses and gardens, much of the simplicity characteristic of true rural life. Both in the faces of the people and the faces of the snug little homes there was a spirit of welcoming openness that much contact with urban influences was only too certain to efface.

From one of the prettiest of the neat cottages framed in honeysuckles and clambering vines, came a young lady and gentleman. Both seemed quiet and subdued. There was nothing oppressively warm in the air, that they should walk so slowly; nor was the scene so poor in suggestions that they might not have shown more inclination to talk. It was certainly a fact that their silence was not because each was oblivious of the other's presence, for as often as the girl raised her eyes from an apparently earnest inspection of the flowers that bordered their path, the youth's quickly dropped, as if the constant surveillance of the plants by somebody were a duty admitting of no pause.

They passed out the open gate, which hung on its lazy hinges like some courtly footman with outstretched hand inviting all to enter, and crossed to the opposite side of the dusty road. Here, under one of a row of massive chestnut trees, was a rudely-shaped rustic bench. Without a word, and with glances now engaged as if determined to extort some valuable botanical secret from the humble buds at their feet, they seated themselves. Over the landscape came the breath of the sweet clover, mingled with the song of the wood choristers in the distant copse.

All life runs in a circle, and it was therefore not strange that after each had looked from the waving grasses up to the meadow, thence to the trees, and again at the verdure around them, they should next glance at each other. Not deliberately, but as though the act were half criminal, and must be covertly connived at. At the moment their eyes met there was evidently an intention on both sides to make some remark, but after a moment's longing glance, the fire of strong purpose left each face and once more the hay blossoms and buttercups became objects of all-engrossing interest.

At length a lumbering country vehicle passing down behind them accomplished what the combined beauties of Nature in the glorious picture before them could not. The driver was an acquaintance of the young man, and they spoke. No one who has not been in a delicately-perilous situation can understand how much courage may be inspired simply by the sound of one's own voice.

"I must soon go, Mary," the youth continued, almost in the same breath with his salutation to his bucolic friend, and as if determined to launch himself on the wave of now or never; "to-morrow is my last day."

The information was hardly new, or very surprising, for the lady's only answer was a further dropping of the pretty head and a just perceptible trembling of the fair white hands that lay crossed over her lap.

"I must go," he resumed, "and when I may return I don't know. I have every hope that I will succeed in the city, and should I do so I will not leave it until I have assured my success. The result of many a victory is lost because of ignorance how to make the best use of it."

He seemed to acquire further courage with every sentence, and whether from discomfort, the necessity of closer quarters to argue the point, or a conviction of the utility of exercise generally, he edged nearer to the girl.

The situation seemed to call for some remark from her, and she said:

"I am glad, Harry, that you have gained what you have been hoping for so long. Even as under-tutor in a common school, I know you will make your value felt. If you keep by you there the qualities that have always marked you here, there is nothing more certain than that you will rise. And certainly none will pray more heartily that you may do so than I will."

"I am to have a vacation both at midsummer and at Christmas, which I will of course utilize by running down to see my old friends. But in the meantime I fear that it will be very lonely, for I am not lucky in making new friends. But there is one thing that will serve to make me feel less alone in the big city, and that is an occasional word from you. I want you to write to me as often as you can. Will you promise it?"

"Nothing, be assured, Harry, will give me greater pleasure," was her softly-spoken answer.

There was no good reason why the conversation should have dropped right there, but it did, and there was considerable evidence that their floral and other botanical surroundings were again to be brought under observation to fill up the gap. Harry peered earnestly at an isolated cherry tree near by, and seemed undecided as to the proper disposition of his hands, while Mary considered a neighboring daisy with an intensity of expression that might mean much or little according to the circumstances.

Whether the tree or the daisy had aught to do with it, is unnecessary to speculate. But nothing is more certain than that if those objects had the power of vision and looked on that bench five minutes later, they might have seen something the daisies and cherry trees of Eden perhaps had seen. A young man much flushed and frightened looking, with a girl's head crowned with golden curls upon his shoulder, sat there in the pleasant afternoon, clasping her hand. They were lovers, confessed or unconfessed, and on the eve of separation. Maybe they had spoken their last good-bye, maybe not; but he bent over her and whispered:

"It is a favor I never asked before, Mary. Heaven only knows what may happen ere we meet again, and its memory will seem like a talisman for good, wherever I go. Only one, and——"

Speaking, his face drooped closer toward the fair countenance nestling so quietly there, and something that did not occur might have taken place, had not the sudden rattling of chains and the creak of a wagon close at hand caused a diversion in favor of the prose realities of life. The driver, who by his opportune arrival previously had opened the channels of speech, returning had fallen asleep upon his vehicle. His approach had not been perceived by the lovers; but, waking and noting the lazy progress of his steeds, his ungrateful ministration of the whip had broken the charm of the silence, and—what more he might never know. As he was lost in a bend of the road, the two observed the gathering shadows of the twilight, and shortly, unspeaking, but hand in hand, they recrossed the road, passed by the gate with its deferential sag, up the bordered walk into the house, and so faded from view.

* * * * * * *

Mary Fairchild was the daughter of a country physician in good practice. This term, however, in her father's case rather meant plenty of work than excessive financial returns. Still his income was sufficient to rear his children well, satisfy his ardent love of books, and educate the orphan son of his former fellow-student and sometime partner, John Peters. Henry Peters, or Harry, as he was best known, was a shy, retiring boy when he first came as an inmate of the doctor's home, and his after constant devotion to study had done little to alter this disposition. He had grown up tall and intellectual, a thorough scholar for his years, and with a strong determination to make his own place in the world. Although, steeped in the Styx of literature, the great and small Achilles of the pen are often invulnerable to the tender passion, he was an exception. Put in the scale against his affection for Mary Fairchild, even his beloved books would stand a fair chance of being lifted toward the Empyrean.

In pursuance of his long-contemplated plan, Harry had secured a position as subteacher in a city institute, and the day after his interview with Mary under the chestnut he left for his new field. There his success was more than rapid. He not only was soon honored with the principalship, but one of the first-class colleges, hearing of his abilities, proffered him a responsible and lucrative post, which he accepted.

In his first letters to Dr. Fairchild and Mary, there was apparent the old feeling and love. On his removal to his later dignity, however, they grew less effusive and affectionate. Indeed, he ceased writing to his sweetheart directly, and an inquiring paragraph in her father's missives was all that showed he yet remembered her. His constant regrets that his duties prevented his visiting them were perhaps justified, and so it happened that four years passed away without the whilom lovers meeting or knowing more of each other than ink and paper chose to tell.

Then Dr. Fairchild died. Strong in his love at least to the man who had made him what he was, Harry came from his distant State to perform the last sad honors at his grave. This done, and a kind, heartfelt, though timid, assurance of good will to the pale, earnest woman the young children called Sister Mary, and he was off again to his students and his books. No one might know the feelings that rose in his heart as he walked more briskly than of yore down the narrow walk, any more than those of the black-garbed girl-woman that watched him with hungry eyes till the merciless coach in waiting carried him far away. True, it was not the place or time to talk of love, but he might have said more than he did, and not have profaned that sacredness which enters where Death has lately been.

Letters addressed in a well-known hand still came to the little cottage, and on a certain day one left it written in a stiff formal style. The "Mr." which had always preceded Henry's name was gone, and in its stead was his official title. It enclosed a card and the announcement of the forthcoming marriage of Miss Mary Fairchild to the pastor of the district. It brought his answer with congratulations, and another chapter was written in the great riddle-book of love. Time soon opened it again, however, to insert the wedding of the famous Professor Henry Peters, of B——, with the sister of the college president.

Many years were gone by, and the Dark Angel often crossed Henry's threshold. A lone man now, with honors and wealth to show for his gray hair and wrinkled features, he followed his life-partner's coffin to the tomb. Whatever was buried with her, at the mound which covered her he felt a longing to once more visit the bright scenes of his youth. The chains of need, circumstance or time no longer bound him, and ere long he was on his way.

Nearly thirty years have made but little change in the village. The foot of Progress had thus far spared its sanctuary. More houses dot the landscape, and what were erewhile shrubs have bloomed into stately and wide-spreading trees, and there an end. Those daisies are the same, the buttercups no different, the scent of the clover as sweet, and the song of the birds as merry as if silver locks were not, and Death and Sorrow naught but hideous dreams.

That chestnut with signs of failing near the top, is an old acquaintance. In the distance even, as he slowly walks toward it, he can tell it. Perhaps it is the fading daylight, or it may be a film comes over his eyes——No! there is the old seat, and occupied. Evidently by a pair of lovers. He does not care to listen, but almost involuntarily his ear, trained in the recitation room, hears clearly every word.

He hears the maiden call the youth by her side Harry—Harry Brook. The learned professor does not then recollect that this latter is the name of the clergyman Mary Fairchild wedded. He does not remember, either, that with her husband's early death she was compelled to take service as a governess in a neighboring family, sell her father's house for the benefit of her mother and younger sisters, and rear her infant son as best she could. Very likely not; for may be he had never known it.

But he learns something, for the speakers there in the twilight tell him. This fairer, younger Harry is a journeyman carpenter, and can win the approval of his sweetheart's father in his suit were he able to purchase his employer's business, now for sale. This he cannot do, and they have come there—their trysting place—to say farewell ere he leaves for the big city to seek a better fortune.

This the listener gleaned out of the gathering stillness, and when the couple left the spot and the girl entered the well-known door, he followed the youth and spoke to him. That what they said was mutually agreeable the sequel showed, and through the darkness that fell around them as they talked there came a brightness that Hope only gives to happy hearts.

Gossip is universal, and therefore it was not surprising to hear the good folks of the village, some weeks after, discussing the strange event. A rich college professor to purchase for his namesake a business that he might marry the girl of his choice, and to adopt him as his heir, was almost incredible! It sounded like a fairy tale! But it is certainly true, for to-night is the wedding night, and the guests are already arriving.

A pleasant summer twilight. Down the old walk come Professor Peters and the doctor's daughter, Mary, slightly gray, but still handsome. They do not say much, either as they cross the road or seat themselves on the old bench. What they then spoke of, the birds above may have heard, but the Professor again took the hand he had held so fondly years before, and saying, "Only one," kissed her.

There was no passing vehicle this time, and if there had been, I doubt very much whether they would have cared.

A Hair-Breadth Escape.

"Aha, la Maison Blanche!" cried Von Hammer, that stout Bavarian sitter, a visitor to my studio one hot summer's day. He was turning over the leaves of a sketch-book filled with odd bits picked up lately in Normandy, and had come upon the sketch of a curious old house overlooking the Seine. A house that was a connecting link between the mediæval fortalice and the modern dwelling; high-grated windows, strong portals and flanking projections, pierced with loopholes—an aspect gaunt yet picturesque. "La Maison Blanche—well I recall the spot, for there I met with an ever-to-be-remembered adventure, that even yet brings back a shudder. A shudder would be pleasant, you say, this broiling weather; well, you shall have it, if I have any skill to tell the story." Von Hammer twisted his long flaxen moustache and began:

It was Christmastide, 1870. I was then a lieutenant of cavalry, my regiment attached to the corps of General von Bentheim, occupying Rouen and part of Normandy. We were on outpost duty, and dreary enough we found it. The weather was execrable; it snowed, blew, rained, thawed, and froze, all at once, or at insignificant intervals; we had every variety of discomfort in the twenty-four hours. The country about was infested by wandering bands of francs-tireurs, who kept us always on the alert. These men had no regard for the established usages of warfare, they would pick off sentries, wantonly attack outposts, lay cunning ambushes for detached parties—ah, how we hated them! Yet, from their standpoint, no doubt these were patriots and heroes, but in our regard they were so many brigands to be dealt with as such. If we were fired at from a house, the house was burnt, and any men found in it were shot. Ach himmel what would you have? We don't make war with violet powder and pop-guns.

One winter's afternoon, I was ordered all of a sudden to take a detachment of my dragoons, and accompany a certain army purveyor to bring in a quantity of hay, reported to be lying at a farm a mile or so beyond our lines. A hateful kind of duty, for which I was singled out on account of knowing well the language of the country. I rode out grumbling to myself, but was a little pacified on learning that the duty would soon be over, the hay being already packed and the farmer quite willing to be requisitioned, for our acknowledgments were sure to be honored, while those of his countrymen were more doubtful; only he required for his own safety that a certain constraint should be put upon him.

Arrived at the farm, we found the hay packed in readiness in two immense carts. You remember the huge Norman hay-carts, with shafts like the masts of a big ship, and a load above that seems to touch the clouds, but so nicely balanced as almost to stand alone on the two enormous wheels. An ordinary wagon I could have managed well enough by dismounting half-a-dozen men, and hitching on their horses by rope traces; but these carts were a more serious affair, they required a steady shaft-horse, for a hitch or a prance at the wrong place, and heavens knows which end will be uppermost. None of our troop horses could be trusted, the farmer himself had not one. Presently it was whispered in my ear that a certain farmer who lived at the "Maison Blanche," not half a mile below, was the happy possessor of two excellent cart-horses. There was no time to lose, dusk was coming on, and the country was not particularly safe for us Germans. I took at once four men, and rode down to the place indicated.

The track was steep and rugged, but it brought us safely out just below the Maison Blanche. I well remembered the wierd solemn look of the place, as it stood out against the sullen glow in the evening sky, a kind of unearthly gloom and shadow upon it. I shivered involuntarily as we rode through the gateway, and sombre twilight fell upon us suddenly. The clatter of our entrance brought out the farmer and his daughter. A fine-looking girl she was, with a clear-cut, rather classic profile—just the kind of girl you would have fancied capable of self-sacrifice and devotion. She looked scared enough now, white, and all of a tremble, replying to my questions; the rough, sullen-looking man her father, pretending not to understanding my French. They had no horses here, no not one; monsieur might search for himself everywhere, the stables were open to him, and the whole house! She ran on volubly, a kind of forced smile on her face, her eyes full of anxiety and terror.

The stables were empty, sure enough; I had been misinformed, it seemed. With a strange sense of relief at getting clear of the Maison Blanche I gave my bridle-rein a shake, when my horse, after arching his neck and sniffing the air, began to neigh lustily. And from the very bowels of the earth, as it seemed, I heard a reply faint and muffled, and yet strangely near, as if from the ground beneath our feet.

"It is the echo," cried Augustine, in answer to my look of awakened suspicion. "Ah, yes, the echo. Monsieur admires it, no doubt coming from over the river; you should hear it when the huntsman of Monsieur——"

"Ach Gott, it is no echo that; you have hidden your horses somewhere. Come you have ample cellars under here, no doubt. Show them to me."

Her face was like death, only her eyes blazing forth full of anguish; but she answered volubly still. Cellars? They had no cellars. What should a poor farmer want with cellars? If there had ever been such in times long ago, they must have been blocked up ages since.

At a sign a couple of men dismounted, and began to search the house for the entrance to the cellars. In a few minutes they returned to report that they could discover no such opening. In the meantime I had employed my eyes. At the side of the house next to me was a slender square shaft flanking it, and pierced for musketry. Such a flanking tower would hardly have existed unless there had been an entrance to protect; but there was no sign of one. But I could not see the whole wall for a pile of fagots piled up against the lower end.

"Clear away that heap of sticks!" The men set to work with a will. Before half the wood had been removed there appeared the lintel of a half-sunken doorway. In a trice the rest of the stack had disappeared, and an ancient stone portal was brought to light, close by a massive grated door strongly bound with iron. A well-directed blow from a big stone knocked the rickety lock to pieces, and I entered.

It was a hall, low but well-proportioned, partly hewn out of the chalk rocks, roofed with huge transverse beams of solid oak blackened with age. Huge hogshears, twenty or thirty, stood about on end, and one or two were mounted on good stone posts. In one corner was an extemporised stable, where two sleek mares of a lovely mottled gray were munching their provender. They were favorites, evidently, and well cared for; hence, no doubt, the pains taken to conceal them. Gaily I marched off the horses, and turned to reassure the fair Augustine. I started to find her just behind me. No longer in grief and distress, but with anger and defiance sparkling in her eyes, and she chanted out in a loud clear voice, that had a ring of a trumpet-call in it: "Levez-vous, soldats! soldats, levez-vous! Il n'y a que cinq dans la maison."

Instantly the cider hogsheads were turned over with a loud crash, and some five-and-twenty wild, fierce-looking men confronted me, rags of old uniforms and tatters of all kinds hanging about them; but each with a brilliantly-polished chassepot in his hands.

The leader of the band, a tall, comely youth, sprang at me, making a lunge with his bayonet. I fired my pistol in his face, then a volley flashed forth from the cellar, and sudden darkness came crushing in upon me.

I came to life in terrible pain and torture, surrounded by perfect darkness, and for a long while I hardly knew whether the torments I endured were of this world or of some other, and I had the dreadful feeling that this agony would go on for ever. Ages seemed to pass—in reality, I suppose, only a few hours—and then a gleam of blessed daylight gleamed in through a loophole and fell upon a crucifix that was affixed to the wall in the farther corner. Daylight, feeble though it was, brought me back reason and fortitude. Where was I—and why was I there?

I was lying in this cellar desperately wounded, probably to my death; and there were others with me, sharers of this cold, earthy couch—four others, lying stiff and stark, the men of my own regiment, my own men, whom I had led to the shambles.

There was still another body lying a little apart, and I recognized it as the young leader at whom I had fired. There was a grim satisfaction in that. But one for five!

The hours went on, and I lay still in a comatose state, as if dead. I thought in a dreamy way of my mother and the girl I loved at home—how they would wait and watch for me in vain. I had no hope of getting out of this place, for I thought that I was dying. Then came fever and torments of thirst. If I could only gain one full draught of water I would willingly die in drinking it. Then I saw with delirious joy that there was a well a few yards from me—the ancient water supply of the stronghold, no doubt. The mouth of the well was cut in a huge stone. A pulley hung above from the rafters, and a few yards of rusty chain, but there was no bucket. And had there been, I was without strength to use it. But I dragged myself to the margin, in the wild hope of finding a crevice or cranny with water in it. There was nothing of the kind. A piece of mortar loosened fell in, and after a long while tinkled faintly in the water down below. The splashing of water aggravated the torture of thirst. I looked over the edge and down into the well. How terribly deep it was! I would leave it lest I should be tempted to throw myself to the bottom. I was about to lay myself beside the comrade nearest to me when some instinct or warning of some beneficent power sent me crawling back to my old place at the farthest side of the well. On my way I found that I was wounded in the foot as well as the head. A bullet had struck my foot near the heel, tearing away a great piece of my boot, and leaving the spur dangling by a filament. The boot gave horrible torture to the swollen member. I tried to get it off, but fainted from pain in the attempt.

Reviving, I became a prey to sad thoughts. Oh, that it had been given me to die, sword in hand, on the field of battle, in some of the glorious encounters of the war! Then with what honor would my name have been inscribed on the family pedigree, my battered sword would have hung in my father's hall, and the children of the race would talk with pride of Uncle Ulrich the brave ritter, who had died in battle with the French. But to be missing, never accounted for—a taint of suspicion, perhaps, clouding my name!

Time went on, and I heard a slight movement above. A concealed trap in the roof was opened, and two people descended—the farmer and his daughter Augustine. I first felt a thrill of joy at the thought of human help and succor. Then I remembered that my life would be to one of them, at least, a sentence of death. If the farmer found me alive, he must kill me. There was no other way of safety. I was an enemy, too—an invader. I should have done it myself in his place. So I lay perfectly still.

The girl was sobbing and weeping bitterly, while her father only replied to her in reproaches and complaints.

It was her folly, he was saying, that had brought the francs-tireurs to the house. She must needs take up with that vaurien captain of vagabonds, when she might have had his good friend Pierre, who, if he had fifty years, was worth a thousand francs for every year. And to hide them in his house, to bring down destruction upon them! And now they had gone off with his two beautiful horses, as well as those of the accursed Prussians.

"How was I to know?" asked Augustine tearfully, "did not Jean come open-mouthed with the news that the whole army was upon us, and then I saw the helmets gleaming over the hill. Have you not feeling for the braves who risk their lives for their country? Ah, Leon, my brave Leon, my cherished one!"

Augustine threw herself upon the body of the franc-tireur, and called upon him with many moving, tender words, to speak to her, to give her one kiss. And would you believe it, her grief was rather a joy to me? I thought of my dead comrades, and my heart was hardened; for, somehow, the girl's sorrow seemed to partly satisfy the great desire in my heart for revenge.

The farmer did not leave his daughter long to her grief. He called her to him, and they took their stand by the body farthest from me. I watched them through half-closed eyes. What are they going to do? Lieber Gott! they were going to throw us all into the well!

"Are you sure he is dead, father?" said Augustine, as she raised her dreadful burden, "his limbs are quite supple."

"Dead or alive, in he goes," cried the farmer.

Dull reverberations succeeded, and a final sudden splash. Ah, it was deep that well, deep down into the bowels of the earth! And I should soon take the sickening leap, with the horrid load of death at the bottom; there to lie immured fathoms deep, out of human ken for all eternity.

All of a sudden, a bell resounded through the house, audible even here, and I thought I could make out the muffled tramp of horses and men. The two paused over their task, and looked at each other, a dull horror in their faces.

"We must not be found here," whispered the farmer, "come along, quick, Augustine; we will come back and finish presently."

They hurried away and through the trap-door. And now I felt the least glimpse of hope. It might be that a party of my own regiment had come in search of the missing. It might be they who were tramping about overhead. Had I strength to raise my voice and give the alarm? Alas, no! I sank back exhausted, my loudest shout only a faint whisper.

The noise above ceased, and once more the trap opened, and Augustine and her father came down. The latter was almost in good spirits. He chuckled over the last visit of the Prussians. They had searched the house hastily just now, but had never found the entrance to the cellars, and had ridden off in violent haste, misled by some false information. But they were all coming back to dine at the Maison Blanche, forty of them, and the farmer was bade to prepare his best. There was plenty of time before them, but let them hasten.

They went to work in eager haste. Two more bodies were disposed of, and now it was my turn.

Just then the Angelus rang out from the village church hard by, and Augustine and her father turned away, and threw themselves before the crucifix in the distant corner.

The extremity of my danger inspired me with an idea. The body of the franc-tireur lay a few yards away; in height and size we did not differ much. His overcoat was loosely knotted by the arms round the neck. I could not walk, but I could crawl; I dragged myself towards the body, divested it of the coat, and rolled it over me to the place I had just occupied. Absorbed in their devotions, the two saw or heard nothing.

When they came back, they seized the body that represented mine, and with averted faces carried it to the pit and threw it in.

"Now for the last one," muttered the farmer.

"No, not Leon, no, no!" cried Augustine, "never, he shall never lie in that horrible pit! He shall lie in the daylight in the cemetery, the offices read over him."

"Then be the death and ruin of your father for a lover who's dead and worthless!"

Augustine succumbed to this. She only stipulated that afterwards the body should be recovered and buried properly. Her father assented to this, and they approached. As Augustine knelt down to print a last kiss upon her lover's brow, I gave a low groan and stirred a little.

"He lives! he lives!" cried Augustine. "Mon dieu, he lives! My prayers have brought him back. Holy mother, I thank thee."

Augustine had flown away, and returned next moment with a flask of cognac, with which she moistened my lips. At that I gave fresh signs of life. It is wonderful she did not discover the deception, but the light was dim, and my face disfigured by its wounds out of all knowledge. Then she went away again for a pillow and coverlid, with a sponge and hot water to bathe my wounds. All sorts of kind cares she lavished on me, I looking forward every moment to discovery and death. If either of them once noticed my spurs of silver, and of a pattern peculiar to our regiment, surely I was undone.

Once more I heard the clank and clatter of troopers. My own regiment were riding up, and I could not stir hand or foot.

At the sound Augustine made ready to depart, after whispering a few words into my ear. I was to fear nothing; at nightfall a boat would be under the bank manned by some of my own men, the brave francs-tireurs. And then she wrapped me warmly up, commending me to the care of the bon Dieu, tears, and prayers, and ejaculations mingled together. Finding me now chilled and deathly she took the soft, warm covering from her bosom and tied it about me. As she leant over me for a parting embrace my spur became entangled in her skirt. I thought it was all over with me, but no, the fastening gave way. It was the broken spur, and when she left me it still clung to her skirt—a fatal burden, for the sight of it would give the lie to the story she had told the troopers. I had almost raised a cry to warn her, for her kiss was yet warm on my cheek, and her loving words, if not meant for me, were out of a good, loving heart. But it was my only chance for life, message to my comrades more eloquent than written words. I followed with anxious eyes her retreating form. The silver spur—I could see the gleam of it—clung still to her dress. Her good angel and mine fought for it on the stairs, but mine conquered.

A few minutes after the trap had closed behind her I heard overhead a tremendous uproar, cupboards moved, furniture thrown down, loud German oaths and shrill French expostulations; and this lasted till the trap was thrown open with a bang, and my own dragoons came clattering down. I was saved!

Saved only for the doctors, it seemed, for I was in hospital for three months afterwards, and then there was peace. But I never shall forget the cry of that girl when she found it was not her lover, but his slayer, that she had saved from the pit. And yet it was just that saved their lives—the evidence that I had been tended and taken care of. For I would not open my lips about the well. When I told our hauptmann the story long afterwards he vowed that had he known he would not have left one stone standing on another of that old house; which would have been a pity, for it is worth preserving—that old Maison Blanche.

THROUGH EYELIDS SHUT.

After all the night's sore darkness
Folded o'er the closed eye,
Comes the welcome ruddy glimmer
Of the daylight drawing nigh;
Then the eyelid's satin curtain
Need not open wide and fair,
To discover coming morning
With its sunny presence rare.

For the piercing golden lances
Through the purple-tinted veil;
Tell of glowing summer sunshine
Kissing hill top, ridge and vale.
Knew we then, than this naught better,
It were joy enough to know
When the night puts on her vestures
When she lays her shadow low.

But the blessed open vision
With the purple curtain drawn,
When the shining iris watches
All the mystery of dawn.
From its early pallid glimmer
On the softly-stirring leaves,
Till the sun upon his shoulders
Bears aloft his golden sheaves.

So shall we awake some morrow,
With the eyes enshrouded here
Open wide to see the glory
Of that better sunshine clear.
There, our present open vision
Will but stupid groping seem,
And these earthly pictures only
Fragments of a weary dream.

BITTER-SWEET;

Or, Robert Yorke's Fate and Fortune.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EDGED TOOLS," "KING COPHETUA; OR, RUBY NORTH'S LOVERS," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," &C.

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

"I have a right to read it," he repeated desperately over and over again, as his heavy eyes turned toward the crumpled paper that lay far off on the carpet, where he had flung it from him in his first burst of self-contempt; "I have a right to read it." But still he sat on in the deserted dining room, staring blankly at the letter, and did not touch it.

Doubtless, he assured himself, the contents would prove Olive's innocence of anything beyond a mere imprudence—to him, at least, if not to Miss Elizabeth, who was prejudiced against her—so that, for his darling's sake, it was his duty to read what must clear her from any further suspicion. But still he did not pick up the letter. A thousand wild thoughts were chasing each other through his brain meanwhile. He would wait for her at the little iron gate and fling her perfidy in her teeth. He would burn the hateful scrawl, and take Olive away from Woolchester on the morrow, and let who dare say one word against her when she came home—his beloved, honored wife! He would give back the letter unread, and her promise with it, and never see her again. But that man—the man who had followed them last night—the man at sight of whom her face had blanched and her voice faltered! Was it to seek out Olive that he had come to Woolchester. And should he, Robert Yorke, abandon the girl who would in so few weeks have borne his name, to the tender mercies of a villain who had won her heart and cast it from him, since Olive had herself admitted that she loved a man whom she could never marry? Great drops started to the Doctor's brow as he remembered this.

"It is to that man the letter is addressed," he muttered fiercely. "I must know what she has written to him." And he strode across the room and picked up the letter. "It is too late in the day for scruples or hesitation."

Smoothing out the little crumpled ball, the unhappy man tore the letter open and read it hurriedly through—he did not spare himself one word; then the pretty familiar handwriting swam before his eyes, and the paper dropped from his hands as he flung himself down on the table with a cry of despair. It was all true, then—there was no longer any doubt—and that girl's calm sweet face was nothing but a mask.

Robert Yorke writhed under the blow. The passionate words addressed to another, the ridicule of the writer's elderly suitor, the assignation at an hour when his ungainly presence could cast no shadow on the delights of the lovers' reunion—how it all seemed burnt into his jealous heart! And Olive Carew was false—false—false.

"I will not sleep to-night until I have given her back her word," he thought at last, lifting his haggard face and wiping his forehead with feverish shaking hands. "The few short weeks of our engagement that were so happy to me—such a torture to her, poor child—I cannot give those back, nor the kiss I took from her cold sweet lips last night, but she shall be free henceforth. I will trouble her with my ridiculous importunities no more."

A few moments later the Doctor was on his way through the deserted streets to Olive's lodgings, the April stars shining in the dark and tranquil sky, and the night air feeling like a cool hand laid on his aching head. He could not trust himself to call for her as usual at the stage-door, to face the friendly words and jests of the company, the false pretty smiles of the girl who had so wronged him. But he would wait for her at the same place where they said good-bye every night—only now it would be good-bye forever. The time he had so often dreamt of, when, by patient striving, he should win his wife's love and should feel her strange bewitching coldness melt before his man's ardor and devotion, would never come to him now. Hope and joy were dead since Olive Carew was false. Nothing but memories was left him.

Thinking thus, and puffing drearily at his cigar, Dr. Yorke found himself approaching the little iron gate, against one of the pillars of which he saw, with some irritation, that there was a man's figure lounging, motionless and dark, his arms folded, his hat drawn down over his brows.

"Confound the fellow!" thought the doctor, throwing away his cigar. "Why does he not go into the house if he belongs to it? What business has he to be prowling about just as Miss Carew is expected back? She must not walk home alone any more. I——"

Here the man who was standing at the gate turned and looked wistfully up and down the obscure street, and the light of a lamp close by falling on his face revealed the long red beard and gray garments that the Doctor had seen before on the club-house steps. Robert Yorke recoiled. Could it be possible that Olive had so insulted him as to choose that spot of all others for the rendezvous she had given her lover? Would she be vile enough to stand there, when only last night she had of her own accord lifted her lips to his, and let another man talk to her of love—kiss her? What manner of man could he be who would thus endanger the actress's reputation?

Poor tortured Robert Yorke did not wait to remember that the stranger might fairly have asked the same question of him; already he was striding back by the way he had come. "She is not worth the anger I have wasted on her!" he groaned, clenching his hands as he walked. "She is utterly faithless, heartless, disloyal! Why does Heaven make such women beautiful that they may wreck the lives of honest men? How shall I live the years that are left to me, knowing that Olive Carew is false?"

He was so absorbed in his own miserable thoughts that he did not see Miss Carew, when presently she passed him under the care of the fatherly old prompter, who lived in the same street, and who felt very proud when the pretty girl asked him occasionally to see her safely home.

"Surely that was Dr. Yorke, my dear," the old man said, using the friendly theatrical privilege in so addressing his charge.

Olive started, and, turning around, called softly after the retreating figure of her lover. But he did not hear her; he was listening to harsher voices that were making an angry tumult in his breast.

"No, it cannot have been Dr. Yorke," sighed Olive. "Here I am at home, Mr. Wright, and I am so much obliged to you—good night!"

"My dear, the obligation is mine," returned the little prompter, with his best bow. "Don't forget the 'call' is ten o'clock to-morrow."

As Miss Carew opened the little iron gate the man who had been waiting there advanced and spoke her name.

"Don't go in yet," he said in a low voice, as she made a gesture of dismissal, and he caught her hand and held it to him. "Olive, give me one word before I go away!"

Olive stopped, trembling from head to foot.

"Why are you here, Colonel Dacre?" she asked hurriedly. "It is unkind after what I have told you. Let me pass. I have nothing else to say."

"Unkind!" echoed the man with a short unmirthful laugh. "Olive, you are going to kill me as surely as if you put a bullet into my heart—to kill the good that is in me—and you talk o. my being unkind because I ask you for a word at parting!" The uncertain lamplight fell upon his face as he spoke, and showed it to be distorted with suffering and passion.

"What is it you want me to say?" asked Olive hopelessly. "I must not stay here talking to you; you have no right to waylay me in the dark."

"You have forbidden me your house—what else can I do?"

"You must go away," answered the girl hurriedly; "away from Woolchester; I must never see you again."

"Olive"—the young man crushed her trembling hand in his, and flung it from him with a groan—"Olive, can you speak of it so coldly? Never see me again? Oh, try to think, dear, what that means! Never to meet any more—never to hold each other's hands or hear each other speak—never to bring back the sweet old days! Oh, Olive, can you speak of it so coldly?"

"Why should I not be cold, Colonel Dacre? Oh, let me go—please let me go! If my—my lover were to see you here!"

"Your lover!" The young man laughed again dismally, and seized her two poor trembling hands in his. "Do you think I have forgotten how you ran to meet me last night? You have no lover but me. Oh, darling child, why will you torture me with such foolish words?"

He would have laid her head down on his breast, but Olive struggled from his grasp.

"I have a lover!" she panted desperately; "and he is good and kind and true! I will never be false to him!"

The young man drew back deadly white and looked her fixedly in the face. Olive could not endure the silent misery of his gaze.

"Oh, Jack, Jack!" she sobbed, melting suddenly into a great burst of tears; "can't you see that my heart is breaking, and that I must not listen to you unless I want to prove myself the falsest, wickedest girl in all the world?"

"You are the truest and the sweetest, Olive," said poor Jack Dacre, trying to speak as gently as though he were not on the rack of conflicting emotions; "and that is why you will not be led away by any false idea of self-sacrifice to make us both utterly wretched for life."

"Oh, don't, don't, Jack!" sobbed Olive, rocking herself in uncontrollable agitation. "I am cowardly enough already. Oh, help me! Don't make it harder for me, dear."

"Listen to me, love," urged the young man passionately. "You gave me your promise long ago, and I have never given it back. You left me because you thought I was bound by a promise made for me before I was old enough to know my own mind. I have come back after three years of loneliness and misery to tell you that I am no longer bound by that promise, and you——"

"I am bound by a promise now," said Olive, growing calmer; "a promise made of my own free will in return for so much kindness, so much generous goodness, that I will die rather than break it. Jack, is it you who are asking me to be false to my word? You would not wish surely to marry a woman you despised? Do you think I would come to you, my one dear love, with such a slur upon my honor?"

Jack Dacre could only gaze with his hungry heart in his eyes at the girl whose very nobleness of thought was making it all the harder for him to relinquish her to another man. There was a pause, in which they could hear the beating of their hearts and their hurrying breath. Then Olive held out her little shaking hand.

"Say good night now, Jack, and good-bye," she faltered, growing very pale. "I love you better than all the world, but I will marry Dr. Yorke."

The young man caught her in his arms, and looked with despairing passion into her sweet wet eyes.

"My poor little brave foolish child," he whispered hoarsely, "if you could only understand the doom to which you are devoting yourself! Olive"—he stooped down and pressed kiss after kiss on her quivering lips—"you send me away from you, but I will come back! I will bring some one who will persuade you better than I can. This is not good-bye, my dearest—it is only good night!"

He was gone. Olive, her pulses throbbing with blended pleasure and pain, stood and listened to his footsteps dying away along the dimly-lit street; the lamps were flickering in the light wind; the branches stirred overhead with a low unhappy sound.

"No, it is good-bye," she said, opening the little gate and walking slowly toward the house. "It is good-bye to Jack and love and joy forever."

CHAPTER VII.

Nelson had been flattening his nose against the parlor window all the afternoon, and stretching his neck in vain efforts to look up the dismal little rain-blurred street, but no sign could he see of Dr. Yorke, whose usual hour for calling upon Miss Carew had long passed by.

"I wonder what can be delaying the Doctor?" he sighed for the hundredth time. "He has not been here now for three days."

"Perhaps he is very busy, darling. We shall see him to-morrow, I dare say."

Nelson sighed again disconsolately. Olive was working busily at her costume for the evening's performance—altering ribbons and laces, trying to make an old dress look like a new one. She laid it down as she noticed the boy's listless air, and said cheerfully:

"Will you play for me, dear? It will make my needle fly twice as fast."

Nelson limped over to the piano at once, and soon the room thrilled with the pathetic tones he coaxed out of the well-worn instrument, while Olive's busy needle flew in and out of the silk. Tears were falling as she sewed and wetting her thread with bitter drops. The world—her life—seemed very dark to her just then. She had done what she had felt to be right but it was hard, try as bravely as she could, to help doubting and longing and regretting. And since the miserable night when she had said good-bye to Jack Dacre she had been so lonely. The poor fellow's words kept ringing so persistently in her ears. If Robert would only come, she thought despairingly as she stitched and stitched—if he would only come and help her to be strong and true. The tears were all wiped away, when presently Nelson grew tired—as he had so easily grown of late, his sister remembered, stung with a sudden cruel pang—and came limping over for Olive's smile of thanks.

"Your music has done me so much good, my darling," she said, dropping her work to clasp him to her breast and cover his little wan face with kisses. "But why do you stop so soon? You don't feel any worse to-night?"

"Only a little tired and drowsy," replied the boy, smiling faintly; and as he spoke he sat down at his sister's feet and laid his head upon her lap, still holding her hand between his two wasted little palms. "Olive, I shall be so glad when Dr. Yorke takes us home with him. You will never look anxious then, will you, dear?"

"Never," Olive answered huskily—"never, my dearest, if you will only grow strong and well."

The child turned his lips to the little hand he held, and kissed it fondly. There was a silence of some minutes, which was broken by the entrance of Mrs. Allen, in a rather floury condition as to her hands and apron, who announced the Doctor, and, shutting the door upon two troubled hearts, went back to the cakes she was making for tea, unconscious of the tragedy going on in her modest parlor. Nelson had fallen asleep in the warmth of the fire, and Olive, putting her finger to her lip as she smiled at her lover, motioned to him to bring her pillow from the sofa, and to help her to lay the boy's head gently down, and to cover him with a shawl.

"I have been watching for you so anxiously," she said then in a cautious whisper, and putting her two little trembling hands into the Doctor's. "It is very kind of you to come when you are so busy."

Dr. Yorke made no reply.

"I may finish my work, I suppose?" the girl continued nervously. "It is for to-night."

Tall, slender, pale, she looked more like a garden-lily than ever as she stood before him in her black gown, her head drooping a little under its crown of chestnut braids. But there were traces of suffering round her sweet eyes and trembling lips which awoke a pathetic yearning in Robert Yorke's heart, and moved him to speak her name very gently as he drew her chair up for her and made her sit down. And as he did so, cold and impassive as he looked, Miss Carew's middle-aged lover was struggling with an impulse that bade him fall at her feet, and call upon her to declare that all the misery he had endured during the past few days was but a hideous dream, and that she was still as fair and pure and sweetly cold as she had ever seemed to him, as she then looked. But he recollected himself in time, and the impulse was mastered—recollected what he had read and seen, and what he had come to say to the beautiful disloyal woman who was to have been his wife. It was some time before he spoke. The pleasure was too keen, in spite of his better resolutions, of gazing at the charming sensitive face before him, of following the delicate hands as they went rapidly and deftly to work, of breathing the same air with Olive Carew, for the Doctor to wish to break the silence; and Olive was too full of painful and conflicting thoughts to be able to speak.

During the past few days she had been trying to think very kindly of her grave plain lover. She had resolved to be to him a good and obedient wife, of whom he should have no cause to complain. She almost believed herself capable of forgiving the grim coarse woman who had lain in wait for her and insulted her, if it would only set matters on their old footing between herself and Dr. Yorke. But, now he was there, close at her side, touching her hand, speaking her name, every drop of blood in her young body turned cold; she could hardly repress a shudder, and she knew, once and for all, that she could never be happy with this man. She shrank a little away then, and took up her work.

"What is he going to say?" she wondered breathlessly, as she fastened the coquettish blue knots on her white stage-dress.

Dr. Yorke did not leave her long in suspense. With an effort taking his eyes from her sweet beauty, he straightened himself up, sighing.

"Olive," he said, "I have been very unhappy since I saw you last."

"Unhappy!" she echoed faintly, pricking her trembling fingers as she sewed.

"Have you nothing to tell me?" he continued earnestly. "What is this cloud that has come between us?"

"There is none of my making, Robert."

He sighed again, and, starting to his feet, began to pace up and down the narrow room.

"You remember," he said then, coming back to her side, "that day in the garden—the day you gave yourself to me?"

"Yes."

"You remember the confession you made, that your heart had gone out of your keeping before ever we met?"

"I remember." The warm blood rose in her cheeks at the thought of it; he saw it, and it did not make him more patient.

"Olive," he cried with a sort of groan, "why had you not the courage to be true to yourself that day? Why did you promise me a fidelity, an esteem, which were out of your power to maintain?"

"Robert"—Miss Carew dropped her sewing—"take care what you say! You are looking at me through some one else's eyes. I will bear a good deal from you, but——" She gulped down a sob which would rise when she remembered what it had cost her to maintain the faith he was so ready to question. "You forget," she continued, "that I do not know yet of what I am suspected. All I know is that you have not been to see me for three days—why?"

"Do you ask me why?"

"I do. I hate mystifications, and I am talking quite in the dark, so I ask you again, What have I done? And what has my poor little dead-and-gone romance to do with your absence of the past few days?"

"Will you look me in the face and say that you have seen no one during those three days whom I should disapprove of your meeting?"

"I will assure you that I have not spoken one word, Robert, in those three days that I need have been ashamed of your hearing. I have been true to the promise I made you in the garden. What cause have I ever given you to think otherwise?" She spoke with the most patient sweetness, for she had resolved to bear with him, knowing that he was suffering.

But Dr. Yorke looked at her with a kind of wondering pain.

"Poor child," he said huskily, "I must not be hard on you, for you have had to struggle alone with the world at an age when other girls are safe in their mother's arms. Perhaps the fault was mine. I might have known you could never care for me. But there is no need for any further concealment or deceit, my dear. I know your unhappy secret."

"You may think so, Robert," she answered with quivering lips, and perhaps appearances are against me. But, if I tell you that I have sacrificed everything in the world to keep faith with you, you will believe me? You will take my word before that of the—the persons who are misrepresenting me?" Olive waited breathlessly for the Doctor's answer.

With an exclamation of pain he passed his hand fiercely across his eyes.

"Your word!" he cried. "It is your own word I am taking. To whom else do you think I would listen for one moment?"

"My own word?" Olive looked bewildered and drew back a pace or two. "Robert, what does all this mean?" I implore of you to speak plainly and have done with mysteries."

Robert did not speak, but he took from his pocket the stolen letter and put it into the hand which she extended mechanically to receive it. With her first glance at its contents an utter change flashed over her face. Every trace of color died out of her cheeks and lips; she turned and looked at the Doctor with eyes of passionate disdain.

"Where did you get this?" she asked, in quiet accents that seemed to cut the air with their keen edge.

"No matter," he muttered, a dark flush rising to his brow.

"Where did you get this?" she repeated, in precisely the same tone; and he told her.

Miss Carew burst into a peal of bitter laughter that woke the boy out of his sleep; he sat up, looking with drowsy bewildered eyes at the two agitated faces just visible in the dusk. His sister ran to him and lifted him up, straining him in a passionate embrace.

"It is on this letter you condemn me, Dr. Yorke?" she cried. "I congratulate you on the honorable means you have taken to prove the character of the woman who was to have been your wife. You did not think me worthy then of one kindly doubt? You take it for granted that I am bad—deceitful—false?"

"What else am I to think? Good Heaven, Olive, am I a stock, a stone, that I am to hear such things as these and hold my tongue?"

"No; you are right," Miss Carew said bitterly. "Further concealment is unnecessary. I did write this letter, and I admit, Dr. Yorke, that after what has happened to-day Olive Carew can never be your wife."

"Olive," Nelson cried fondly, winding his arms round her, "who has been cruel to you? Come away, dear! No one shall hurt you!"

"No, darling," the girl answered, with a shower of kisses on his wan cheeks—"no one shall hurt me after to-day. You and I will go away together."

The Doctor stood in speechless misery, more conscious than ever of the pale woman's beauty, as she flashed defiance out of her wide eyes and towered superbly above him. Then he called to her hoarsely, extending his arms.

"Olive! Have you no excuse—no explanation to offer? Must I lose you for ever because you will not speak?"

Olive drew back, with a magnificent gesture of dismissal.

"I decline to offer either excuse or explanation," she returned, still holding Nelson within her arm. "I acknowledge that I am guilty of all this letter implies. There is no more to be said but that you and I have done with each other from to-day!"

"That is your last word to me?"

"That is my last word."

Robert Yorke crossed the room like a man in a dream—the room where he had been so happy and so miserable, the room he would never enter again. He turned when he reached the door to look at Olive, standing in her long dusky gown, with the child still clinging to her. The letter lay on the floor, a patch of white in the firelit gloom. He heard the rain, and the swish of the willow-boughs against the panes; a clock struck the hour. Mechanically he counted the seven ringing strokes as he stood grasping the door-handle, and thought, in a dull stupid way, that he would be late for dinner and had better be going. Then he turned and walked dizzily down-stairs, and into the rainy streets.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THAT golden day, so rare in the experience of mortals—a half century of married life—came Wednesday, March 20th, to Judge and Mrs. Clifford, of Maine. The event was celebrated by a carriage drive to Little Falls, a most charming suburban retreat in their neighborhood, accompanied by the friend of "long ago." Although blustering March was registered in the calendar, the day was as serene and perfect as the union they have been for so many years permitted to enjoy. How few are enabled to look back upon life's uncertain journeyings and find so little to regret, with so much that goes to make up the sum total of human happiness. And now when the shadows begin to gather, and the beautiful Indian summer draws near, let the future continue to scatter blessings until both are called to wear the crown of perfect peace.

MRS. SWISSHELM has begun denouncing pantaloons, and sombody suggests that she be brought in contact with, and express her opinion on the subject, to Doctor Mary Walker. Considering, however, what the result must inevitably be, such a proposition could emanate from no one but a person who possesses heavy insurance policies on both their lives.

THE REVIEWER

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, have published "Viva," a novel by Mrs. Forrester, author of "Dolores," and other excellent works. This is a very sparkling and most readable story of life, and gives vivid pictures of aristocratic human nature in high circles. The love of Lord Clive for the heroine, her marriage with another, and her subsequent desertion of her husband—her passion for Clive, and his desertion of her, are all painted in the most glaring pigments of style. The book contains 358 pages, beautifully printed on fine paper, 12 mo., and is bound in ornamented cloth. Price, $1.50.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co., of New York, have published a military novel of much interest, entitled, "The Cadet Button," a tale of American army life, by Brevet Captain Frederick Whittaker, author of "Life of Gen. Geo. A. Custer," etc., etc. The book is dedicated "to the cadet corps of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point." The incidents are founded on facts. The story is that of a young officer, who finds his reward in the love of a pure and brave lady. The love element of the story hangs to that button and chain which appear on the cover of the book. This story is comprised in 354 pages, on excellent paper, and in clear, readable type, bound in ornamented cloth. Price, $1.50. For sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, have published "Voyage of the Paper Canoe," a geographical journey of 2,500 miles from Quebec to the Gulf of Mexico, during the years 1874–5, by Nathaniel H. Bishop. The author describes, in the most graphic and entertaining style, his adventures in one of the paper canoes made by E. Waters & Sons, of Troy, N. Y., weighing only fifty-eight pounds. The work is beautifully illustrated by Ward & Merrill, and contains accurate reduced maps drawn and engraved at the U. S. Coast Survey Bureau. It contains 351 pages, printed in large type, and is elegantly bound in gilt and ornamented cloth. Price, $2.50. For sale by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott, of this city.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard also publish "Seola," a Syrian romance founded upon the discovery of an antidiluvian memoir, "the Journal of Seola, wife of the Patriarch Japhet." It is ingeniously written, and interesting. In the appendix the author tells the reader that the tale is "a phantasy revealed while listening to a musical performance." The notes show considerable research. The book contains 251 pages, is neatly bound in cloth. Price, $1.50. For sale by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard send us another publication of theirs—"The Historical Students' Manual," by Alfred Waites. The purpose of this manual is to show the reign of all the English monarchs, and that of their contemporaries of France, Germany, and the Papacy from the invasion of "William the Conqueror" to the present time. It is a most admirable idea or a compact history, and will really prove useful to the scholar. 8 vo. cloth. Price, 75 cents. For sale also by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard issue a very amusing, and what may be called a very useful little book for children, old and young, for it tells how to make home pleasant, by a charming evening spent in parlor theatricals of a unique order. The work is called "The Lawrence Mother Goose." A delightful evening's entertainment with explicit practical instructions for carrying out a successful programme, by E. D. E. Then it opens with an explanation of what is to be done, and the play follows. It is really very good, and can be made effective on the stage. The songs are spirited. The music is given, and an elaborate account of the dresses, stage directions, etc. It is a neat work of 58 pages. Bound in colored boards; illustrated. Price, 75 cents. For sale by Messrs. Lippincott & Co.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, publish "Madame Gosselin," from the French of Louis Ulbach, being No. VII of the "Collection of Foreign Authors" series. It is a powerful story, depicted with grace and vivacity, and the characters all play their parts with nature and effect. 366 pages, 16 mo.; paper 60 cents; cloth $1. For sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

The New Rocky Mountain Tourist, by J. G. Pangborn, and issued by W. F. White, Topeka, Kansas, is indeed a beautiful work. Thomas Moran has sixteen of his best drawings in the book. Joseph Beard depicts some fine hunting sketches; Brisbing Lancelot and Henry Worrall all have good drawings. *The Rocky Mountain Tourist* is of interest to the tourist and the emigrant, and the wonderful development of the great West is admirably shown in its pages. This book of 64 pages is very interesting, well printed, and written in good style. Specimen copies may be had by addressing Mr. White at the address above given.

MAGAZINES.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine for April, comes out in a lively Spring awakening, not only in literary matter but in illustrations. A handsome chromo of the perennial phlox appears as a frontispiece. There is a good paper on destructive insects, and lots of interesting correspondence about flowers, pleasant gossip, and miscellany which make the periodical very attractive.

Robinson's Epitome of Literature, a monthly periodical, published by Messrs. F. W. Robinson & Co., of this city, has been sent us for April. It is very ably edited in a scholarly, impartial and dignified manner, and contains accurate information respecting all which bibliopoles, book buyers, and the generality of literature lovers desire to possess concerning the books of the day. Every review is a *critique* in the highest sense of the term, for the style is clear and the thoughts conscientious. *The Epitome of Literature* will compare favorably with the best periodicals of its class here and in Europe. $1 a year; 10 cents a number.

The Monthly Reader for School and Home, published by John L. Shorey, Boston, is a nice little paper for young folks, prettily illustrated and cheap, being only five cents a copy, and full of bright matter.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for March, published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., of New York, reaches us through Mr. W. B. Zieber. It contains "Mme is Thine, part IV;" a good paper on the "North American Fisheries and the Halifax Commission," "Reviews of New Books," "Lessing—His Life and Writings," "Charles Bianconi, a biography," "North Italian Folks," "Marmone," "The City of Sunshine," a novel; then follow part II of the second series of "French Home Life," a fine essay upon the influence of women; "Only Jean," is a readable love story in two parts; "The Storm in the East, No. X, Retrospective" This number closes with a scholarly consideration of the present difference of opinion between England and Russia.

The American Agriculturist for April, 1878, is a fine number both as regards Illustrations and matter. One has to see a number to appreciate it fully, for it contains more than can be described in a brief paragraph. Farmers ought to take it as a matter of course. It is published by the Orange Judd Company, of New York, and its terms are $1.50 per annum. Single number 15 cents. The cuts are excellent, and there is a good deal of very original matter upon farming subjects which are of the utmost interest.

The Popular Science Monthly Supplement for April is a superb number. Matthew Arnold's masterly essay on "Equality" is of itself a treasure for the reader, but R. W. Dale's "Impressions of America" will certainly please all Americans who read it, and flatter them too. L. A. Tollemache touches upon the theme of "Hell and the Divine Veracity;" Prof. Tyndall finishes his elaborate papers on "Spontaneous Generation with a "Last Word;" Claude Bernard defines "Life" in an agreeable essay; Prof. Max Muller writes on the "Origin of Reason;" Dr. Andrew Wilson on "The Law of Likeness and its Working;" W. R. S. Ralston's paper on "Forest and Field Myths" is entertaining. There are also good papers on "The Romance of Accident," and "Waste Substances," and in "Brief Notes" there is a thoughtful hit about "Needed Inventions." Published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

News of Interest

—Washington is getting in steam street cars.

—The spring cattle drive in Texas will number 523,000.

—Tame otters and seals are the latest pets in fashion in England.

—Three hundred children are annually suffocated in bed in London.

—Female clerks have appeared in some of the Boston insurance offices.

—The salary of the speaker of the Louisiana house of representatives is $24 a day.

—The Prince of Wales is said to be the handsomest man in London, when he has his hat on.

—If any body has a good remedy for cholera on hand, the French Academy will pay $20,000 for it.

—Joaquin Miller, it is rumored, is going abroad, with the intention of never returning to this country.

—There are according to the New York Herald, 35,000 Protestants girls in Catholic schools in the United States.

—General Grant intends to visit Austria, Prussia, Russia, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, before returning home.

—It is estimated that 77 persons starve to death in England every year, while 299 die annually from excess in eating.

—A family near Evansville, Ind., consisting of father, mother and son, have all committed suicide within the past four months.

—There were at a popular restaurant in Boston the other evening four diners, thirteen courses, six kinds of wine, and a bill for $250.

—The largest bronze statue in the world is at Nara, Japan. It weighs over 450 tons, and a man can climb through one of its nostrils.

—This is a good year for Mr. Ingersoll, as Europe is prepared to celebrated the centenaries of Voltaire and Jean Jaques Rousseau.

—A Hartford hotel clerk has had his hearing considerably affected by the lightning striking the wire of a telephone at which he was listening.

—During the past year the Experimental Department of Agriculture, at Washington, distributed over 20,000 tea plants, grown in the greenhouse of the department.

—A Houston, Texas, couple have been married in a photographer's gallery, their portraits being taken at the instant that the concluding words of the ceremony were spoken. Their two affirmatives made a negative, as it were.

—A good action, etc.—Mr. M. M. Graves, a member of the Chicago Humane Society, had a worn-out horse shot to ease it of its sufferings, and the animal fell against him, knocked him down, and broke his leg.

—The latest device of ingenious entry-thieves is to call at a house, and, while asking for some fictitious person, insert a small nail in the casing of the door, preventing it from fastening securely, and giving the robber an easy entrance later.

—Ex Senator Wade had some queer kinks in his mind. He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and looked on death as a mere change of scenes. Another striking peculiarity was the dread he entertained of sitting for a picture. He used to say often that he had as much respect for a dentist's office as he had for a photographic gallery.

—The Whipping-Post bill, which went swimmingly through the lower house of the Kentucky Legislature, failed in the Senate, the Lieutenant-Governor casting his veto against it. This does not discourage the advocates of the bill, and the Atlanta *Constitution* tells them there is a strong sentiment in the South in favor of the re-establishment of the whipping-post.

—Mr. and Mrs. Barnes met in San Francisco after a separation of twelve years. He had been seeking a fortune, with very moderate success on the Pacific coast. She had been living in Pennsylvania. Did they rapturously embrace at sight of each other? No. She drew a revolver and fired three times at him, and he knocked her down with a cane. It seems that he had deserted her, and she found him after a long search.

—Trinity College students got into the belfry of the college chapel at Hartford, Conn., Friday night, cut down the bell, broke the wheel, tied up the bell-cord, smashed the stairway and locked up all the doors leading to the belfry. The consequences was that there was no bell rung for chapel and early recitations Saturday morning, and the students took the opportunity of indulging in a march to a beer-shop, where they passed the morning in story-telling, speeches and songs.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"SAMANTHA AT THE CENTENNIAL." Address, American Pub. Co., Hartford, Conn.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821

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SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 6, 1878.

Contents of this Number.

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE; by Clementine Montague.—Chapters XXVIII., XXIX., XXX.
BITTER-SWEET.—Chapters VII., VIII.
FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.—Chapters XLII., XLIII.
CLARE'S LOSS AND GAIN.—Chapters I., II., III.
HOME CULTURE.
PHANTOMS; or, A NIGHT MYSTERY, by C. Leon Gumpert.—A thrilling series of episodes. XIII.
FACETIÆ; by P. H. Doyle.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT.—Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.
THE REVIEWER.
SHORT STORIES.
OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
EDITORIALS.—SANCTUM CHAT.—POETRY.
REMINISCITIES. FARM AND GARDEN.
ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.
NEWS OF INTEREST.
MISCELLANY.

THE POST is rich in good things this week.

OUR short stories are the finest ever published.

"CLARE'S LOSS AND GAIN" will be found a very thrilling story.

JUST think, this is the thirty-seventh number of the fifty-seventh volume of the POST!

READ our suggestions in the last number as to preserving the copies of the POST in a file or scrap-book.

THE poetry of Mr. P. H. Doyle will be found to be first class in every respect, as regards rhythm, diction, and feeling, for he is a poet *par excellence*.

THE letter in regard to "What an Old Reader Thinks of the POST," in the last number, is only one of many hundreds which we wish we had space to print.

IT will be observed by all that the quality and quantity of matter, the mechanical execution, and the general effect of the POST, were never better than at present.

A NUMBER of fine serials will shortly appear in the POST from the pens of the best authors. A startling narrative of wierd and powerful effect, founded upon a mesmeric trance, is one of the attractions to our readers in the near future; also a fine and touching story by C. Leon Gumpert, a well known contributor to these columns.

IN answer to many inquiries from our readers who desire to possess the complete and entire collection of "The Book of Origins," recently concluded in the POST, we are pleased to announce that the work will appear in book form the coming autumn. The arrangements for its publication are in the hands of a prominent Boston publishing company, and it will be issued in a style that its eminent merit well deserves.

ALL the best writers in America who have made success, fortune, and wide spread reputation by their pens, have been contributors to the POST. To prove this fact it is only necessary to turn to the files of this paper, back to the very inception of the enterprise, August 4, 1821. It is the wish and endeavor of the proprietors of this highly successful paper to secure always the best talent for its columns, and to give its readers a species of literature which is not only in keeping with the spirit of the present time, but which goes far to anticipate that which is needed in the future.

WHEN the good housewife, trying her very best to make every room tidy and beautiful, and anxious that her house shall surpass her neighbors as far as taste is concerned, is at a loss to discover or invent new materials and new combinations to not only decorate, but add to the comfort of home, all she has to do is to consult the QUERIES and FIRESIDE CHAT, in the POST, in order to be relieved from all solicitude as regards that for which she seeks. Ladies desiring to know how to make dresses in the cheapest, and yet the most elegant styles, will do well to read FASHION NOTES; these embody all that is necessary to be known upon the subject, and the editor not only is willing, but would be very glad to answer any inquiries as to any of the topics discussed in this Department. Therefore, those of our many lady subscribers who live at a distance from the metropolis, are solicited to address the editor of the LADIES DEPARTMENT for any information they may desire.

ALL the beggars are wild with excitement in Russia. The reason is this. A certain beautiful young heiress who was to tumble into an immense fortune when she married, thought proper to secure inheritance at once by marrying an aged beggar who was eighty-six years old. By this ruse, she immediately became the possessor of her own wealth, and by settling a fair income upon her husband on condition that he left her free, she became independent. The old dotard gave a grand supper to the "rags and tatters" of his acquaintance, and there was much merriment in the neighborhood on the occasion of this damsel's nuptials. She sent her old husband one way, while she went another, and she is now revelling in the very heart of an El Dorado, and so is her husband. Both are independent; he with a settlement of ten thousand roubles per annum, she with her millions. She goes to Paris, he remains in Moscow to teach the art of roping in heiresses to needy beggars. Thus this philanthropic girl set an example which ought to meet with general approval in all quarters.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT is said that the French artists, in order to attract attention to their pictures on the walls of the Salon exhibition, resort to the trick of exhibiting the most bizarre and ugly designs they can invent, for their first pictures. This excites remark and criticism, and the artist gets notoriety before he gets fame; then in his later pictures he paints his best subjects, having once won his way into the papers and the popular gossip. An example of this kind was seen at one of the exhibitions where a great crowd assembled before a painting representing a skeleton with a skull in his hand watching a scarlet flamingo which was pecking at it. The painting was a wonderful piece of art work, but the design was most grotesque and incongruous. The journals immediately began to hurl condemnation on the artist, the people laughed and Cham caricatured the design in the *Monde Illustre*. The procedure "took," and the artist became famous.

PROFESSOR PROCTOR insists that the inhabitants of the little moons of Mars must be animalculæ. He says the extreme tenuity of the air there would render it impossible for beings as large as ourselves to exist. He reasons that if there are creatures inhabiting Mars and its satellites, they must of necessity be very minute—hardly larger than flies or ants. But what matters it, so long as there is existence. Nature seems to spend more perfect labor in the direction of the infinitesimal, than in the production of elephantine creatures; and the race of giants and mastodons, is extinct. There surely can be nothing more beautiful than the minute insects born of our summer sun—the flies, beetles, and spiders which are fairy-like in structure, and which seem to enjoy a halcyon existence, while their brief day lasts. Place one of these organized atoms under a microscope and study its delicate structure and its perfect organism. Surely we cannot say that size has anything to do with the complete happiness which ought to be the concomitant of life, or that the elephant, because he is larger, possesses a larger share of pleasure than the ant or the bee. It would be a "sweet boon" to possess the stature of a Martian inhabitant, if Professor Proctor's hypothesis be true, for many reasons. Think of the saving in clothes and food, and the other vanities which we grown-up humans are compelled by our atmospheric density to adopt. Think if we could leap like fleas how readily we could escape our creditors; or sting like mosquitoes, how we could wreak our revenge upon our enemies. The transmigration of souls in this case, is well worth considering.

MODERN scene painting has reached such perfection, that it is difficult indeed to prophesy what it will be in the near future. Will the theatre goers of ten years hence be compelled to witness a decadence of stage effect, and a reproduction of the flimsy illusions of the past, or will they sit in the open air to see the play enacted with a natural background, as did the ancient Greeks and Romans? Nothing can be finer, as art work, than the scenes produced now-a-days in the Parisian theatres, and which sometimes are fairly imitated here. As regards effect, color, design, mechanical manipulation, the modern scenery is all that could be desired. Fire is well imitated, thunder and lightning effects are perfect. Snow is not so happy. It is difficult to stretch the imagination into believing that the sprinkling of bits of paper from the flies in intermittent showers, is anything like the steady, calm, floating of nature's reality—the tender hovering of the feathery flakes. Water effects are often ludicrous. The waves of the ocean are represented by canvas or green baize agitated by supernumeraries. The characteristic of a stage ocean is dust. It is fearfully dusty. It makes the footlights blink—and now and then a head appears—especially in a furious tempest when a vessel is to sink through a trap door just as the curtain is rung down. Surf is a terrible failure, and ought not to be attempted. All water craft on the stage have a tendency to stick, and jerk their occupants forward. But in every other respect we have first-class representations of nature on the modern stage.

THE popularity of negro minstrelsy among us is due to the fact that mankind loves the absurd, and as we are not a picturesque nation, like the warm-blooded creatures who inhabit Italy, Spain, and France, and cannot have our grotesque carnivals, we take very naturally to the comicalities of burnt cork. It is not supposed that the minstrels would appear to such advantage as they do, if they cut up their absurd capers with white faces. It is hardly to be imagined that they would be tolerated in their natural complexions, but with the mask of black, the sooty envelope which so disguises the performer and tends to make the performance itself ludicrous, everything is tolerated, and the most extreme license given to fancy, wit, humor, and *bizarrerie* is applauded to the echo. Therefore we enjoy seeing the God Momus with an Ethiopian visage, coming upon the stage dressed in the rags and tatters of humanity, a caricature of a hat upon his head, his feet shod in monstrous affairs called "shoes," his banjo over his shoulder and a chair in his hand, and then after a series of antics, in which his shoes take part, losing himself in the very idiocy of song, with twanging banjo accompaniment, and mouthings which make the audience "split." Oh! there's nothing so jolly as this parody on life which these sooty philosophers give us, and we cannot help laughing till our sides ache at the uproarious fun which they create. We can easily understand the secret hold upon the popular heart they possess, for we are all merry children again as we sit and listen to their sweet singing and their nonsense, and see their wild carnival merriment.

HOME CULTURE AND SENSIBLE ETIQUETTE OF OUR BEST SOCIETY.

While hosts of our readers will be sorry to learn that those most excellent and useful papers upon the science of manners are about to conclude in the columns of the Post, they will at the same time be pleased with the information that they are shortly to appear in book form, the complete work to be issued by the enterprising publishers of our city, Messrs. Porter & Coates. "Home Culture" is a masterly series of most elegantly written and most *recherché* dissertations upon those observances which form the distinctions of caste in civilized and cultured society, and which tend to build up a veritable aristocracy of morals and manners. In our country especially, such a work serves a most valuable purpose, and supplies a want which has hitherto existed as to the true dicta of the law of society. The law as laid down in this book of Mrs. Ward, is treated with breadth of effect and nicety of detail. It will be found to be what it purports to be, a companion and a friend; for its pages contain only that which inculcates the best practical adaptation of the many inexorable axioms of etiquette which have ever appeared, and a systematic arrangement of the principles which govern such axioms. We cannot praise too highly the style and the brilliant polish of culture which characterize Mrs. Ward's work. They render the book unique and we feel assured it will prove the great success of the season in its particular line.

We can promise our readers a compensation for the loss they sustain by the conclusion of "Home Culture," by being happy to announce that occasional papers upon the subject of etiquette will appear from time to time in these columns, from the pen of the same gifted authoress.

PREFACE.

This compilation, made from various authorities upon home culture, self-training, and good manners, has been arranged for publication (as if written by one person) with the hope of meeting some of the special requirements of our social life. The names of the writers quoted from, will be found in the Appendix.

The book is intended as a companion to the edition of 1873 of "The Young Lady's Friend," which excellent work does not profess to take up in detail the various rules that govern intercourse in modern society, although admitting their importance and advocating their use. A knowledge of etiquette has been defined as a knowledge of the rules of society at its best, but often these rules are not suited to our mode of life, or to our republican society; and the word etiquette always grates upon the ear. For this reason the compiler has chosen the title of "Sensible Etiquette," introducing into her work such rules as are suited to a republic, and discarding all such as are useless or insultable. These rules will be found to facilitate hospitalities and to make social intercourse more agreeable when all the members of society hold them as binding rules and faithfully regard their observance. Herein lies the most striking point of difference between the best society in America and the best society in Europe. Unmannerly people are found everywhere, and this century has been called "the century of license in speech and manners and morals combined—the most unromantic, beastly and tiresome century of all centuries since the birth of Christ." But there are certain observances handed down from one cultured generation to another, which are strictly regarded in the best society in Europe, and which even the unmannerly dare not neglect there. In America, many families, who know the importance of these customs, grow careless in their observance of them, because they are so generally ignored or disregarded; and this neglect gives rise to constant chafings and misunderstandings. One suspects another of an intentional rudeness, when often it is ignorance alone which causes the omission or neglect of a duty. The first principles of enjoyment of social intercourse thus violated at the foundation, the entire structure of society becomes insecure. "Do manners, refinement, rules of good breeding, and even the forms of etiquette, we are forever talking, judging our neighbors severely by the breach of traditionary and unwritten laws, and choosing our society and even our friends by the touchstone of courtesy," writes an English author; but, as it is well known that there is no subject upon which individuals are more sensitive than that of their manners, no one is courageous enough to speak on these subjects in the presence of those who violate these laws. Therefore, as the polished affect to despise the book of etiquette, those wanting in polish are left to conclude that such books are unnecessary and that there are no rules that are worth knowing which they do not already know; while in reality there is no one living who may not be instructed in some points which it is for his advantage to know. It is only when books of etiquette are ridiculous in their treatment of the subject, that they are held in disrepute; for we all know that the wise and great down all the centuries from Isocrates to Emerson, have not handled the subject in any way but as one worthy of their consideration and of the attention of all mankind.

The Marchioness de Lambert gave utterance to the opinions of the best bred in her time, when she wrote in a letter to her son, "Nothing is more shameful than a voluntary rudeness. * * * Men have found it necessary as well as agreeable to unite for the common good; they have made laws to restrain the wicked; they have agreed among themselves as to the duties of society, and have annexed an honorable character to the practice of those duties. He is the honest man that observes them with the most exactness, and the instances of them multiply in proportion to the degree and nicety of a person's honor."

In the selection of various customs and observances among the well bred, in their classification, and in the treatment of other topics which belong to home culture, the compiler has executed her work with the sincerest desire to be of use to the young. She will not have labored in vain if she is able to show that it is mistaken pride and misplaced vanity which leads persons to wish to have it thought that no social nicety is other than familiar and natural to them, when it is an acknowledged fact that no matter how well born or how well trained a youth may be, he must acquaint himself with the changing customs of the times, if he would not seem to be wanting in knowledge of the world and the ways of the world.

Even should the compiler fail in her object, there will still be left to her that consciousness of her desire to benefit the rising generation which is the best reward of every well meant endeavor in behalf of the young.

INTRODUCTION.

"If manners make the man, manners are the woman herself; because with her they are the outward and visible tokens of her inward and spiritual grace, or disgrace, and flow instinctively, whether good or bad, from the instincts of her inner nature. * * *

We can no more mend men by rules than by coercion. We must teach them to mend their manners of their own free will. * * *

For my part, I should like to make every man, woman and child whom I meet discontented with themselves, even as I am discontented with myself. I should like to awaken in them, about their physical, their intellectual, their moral condition, that divine discontent which is the parent, first of upward aspiration and then of self control, thought, effort to fulfil that aspiration even in part. * * This is the very germ and first upgrowth of all virtue."—*Rev. Charles Kingsley.*

The compiler of this volume is well aware that it is customary upon introducing any work to the public, professedly treating upon an improvement in manners, to apologize for so doing, but she does not consider any such apology necessary. Society has its grammar as language has, and the rules of that grammar must be learned. The word "well bred" shows us that manner is a thing to be acquired and taught, since it depends upon the breeding and bringing up. Surely those who have been well brought up need no apologies made to them for efforts in behalf of others who are not equally well trained; and as the ideal of what constitutes true politeness is continually changing, (or rather, the modes of showing politeness are continually changing, for the principle remains the same at all times and in all places) no one will be found among this class of persons who will be so unreasonable as to object to the revision of old rules, or the setting forth of the accepted code of manners for the present day. Therefore, for such persons no apology is needed, and certainly where home culture has been neglected, where the daughters and the sons have received no attention in the formation of their manners under the guidance of their parents, they will require no apologies for that instruction, which if they make proper use of, will fit them for the society of gentlewomen and gentlemen.

Originally, a gentleman was defined to be one who, without any title of nobility, wears a coat of arms. This is why the descendants of many of the early colonists preserve with such pride and care the time-stained armorial bearings which their forefathers brought with them from their homes in the mother country. Although despising titles as many did, and ignoring the rights of kings as supported by their royalist relations, they still clung to the "grand old name of gentleman." Race tells in man as in other animals, but it is no longer the only requisite; neither will learning and wealth, united with blood, make a man a gentleman, not even though his possessions should exceed those of Cræsus. Nor will race, education and wealth combined make a woman a gentlewoman, if she is wanting in refinement and consideration for the feelings of others. Men and women of sensitive organizations may possess that unselfishness of nature and that kindly consideration for others which characterize the gentleman and the gentlewoman, and these qualities may show themselves in such a way as to be mistaken for what some call innate good breeding; but in reality there is no such thing; good manners are only acquired by education and observation, followed up by habitual practice at home and in society. This, then, is the test, the touchstone that reveals to us the gentlewoman and the gentleman, viz: Good manners. It is less distinct in appearance, far more subtle, far more difficult to attain, than the old distinction; but in these days he who does not possess it, even though he has a ducal title, need not expect to be called a gentleman by gentlemen; nor can a woman without it aspire to being considered a lady by ladies. No person who essays to make this truth understood, need give in excuse of such efforts any of the extenuating reasons set down in other works upon the same subject. It is the duty of American women to do all in their power toward the formation of so high a standard of morals and manners that the tendency of society will be upward instead of downward, seeking to make it in every respect equal to the best society of any nation. Manners and morals are indissolubly allied, and no society can be good where they are bad. "Les hommes font les lois, les femmes font les mœurs." Here is one field for woman to labor in—a work for her to perform; one of the missions acknowledged by men even as rightfully her own. Thus can she aid in promoting a branch of that great educational movement which is engrossing the sympathies and prompting the generous labors of so many wise and able thinkers of our time.

When the late Charles Astor Bristed wrote: "To a certain extent rudeness is still a characteristic of our people, and downright violence not unfrequently prevails," he gave bold utterance to a truth, which many have felt, but which few have found courage to utter; for it does require moral courage of the highest type to attack the weaknesses and the foibles of mankind—weaknesses and foibles which are shared, in one form or another, by all who possess the birthright of humanity. Dr. Mayo says of a character in one of his novels: "She rather admired a high standard of refinement, and culture, and social morality, but she was not going to put herself out in any way to correct the vices or elevate the tone of society. There was not much of the reformer and nothing of the martyr in her composition." This is worldly wisdom; but if society were altogether made up of such women, there would be but little hope for that advancement in refinement which the cultivated look for, or that correction of the errors and weaknesses of society which the thoughtful and the kind-hearted desire. The same writer says truly: "The only excuse for the existence in this country of a set, or sets, pretending to be at the head of social life, is, that they really fulfil certain important functions, that they really offer a higher standard of elegance and culture, that they really encourage an improvement in manners, and stimulate the growth and spread of refined taste. This is their only *raison d'etre*. If they do not do this, their exclusiveness is an insolent pretension, a contemptible humbug."

When it is admitted that culture is the first requirement of good society, then self-improvement will be the aim of each and all its members; and manners will improve with the cultivation of the mind, until the pleasure and harmony of social intercourse is no longer marred by the introduction of discordant elements. When this stage is reached, exclusiveness will no longer seem to be a pretension, a humbug; for those only will be excluded whose education and manners are such as to render them unfit for enjoyment in and appreciation of the best society. Good manners are even more essential to harmony in society than is full instruction of the mind and advanced education of its powers, and are as much an acquisition as is knowledge in any of its various forms. Our parents and instructors are not our only teachers; they do but commence the life-long work in which we perfect ourselves, if faithful to our charge. Our best teachers are the ill-bred, for they hold up to us a mirror in which we see how unlovely, how unattractive, women and men can make themselves, when their conduct gives evidence of a want of that degree of self-respect which alone leads men and women to respect the rights and the feelings of others, and to do as they would be done by. The religion of the golden rule is the basis of all politeness—a religion which teaches us to forget ourselves, to love our neighbors, and to be civil even to our enemies. The appearance of so being and doing is what society demands as good manners. Where differing views are held as to social duties and privileges, where distinctions are made other than those conferred by education, cultivation, refinement and morality, it is quite true that this Christian politeness, which leads men and women to be strict only with themselves, and indulgent with others, must be dispensed with. The man or woman in such circles whose life is guided by it, is liable to be misunderstood. The well-bred are easy to get along with, for they are as quick to make an apology when they have been at fault, as they are to accept one when it is made. "The noble-hearted only understand the noble-hearted," says Fenelon.

Impoliteness is very demoralising, and in a society where the majority are rude from the thoughtlessness of ignorance, or remiss from the insolence of bad breeding, the iron rule, "Do unto others as they do unto you," is oftener put in practice than the golden one, by many of its members. As savages know nothing of the virtues of forgiveness, and think those who are not revengeful are wanting in spirit, so the ill bred do not understand undeserved civilities, extended to promote the general interests of society, and to carry out the injunction of Scripture to strive after the things that make for peace.

It is good manners which divides society into sets. One set has no breeding at all, another has a little, another more, another enough; and between that which has none and that which has enough there are more shades than in the rainbow. Good breeding is acquired as well in the village and provincial town as in the cosmopolitan city; for it is the same in essence everywhere—at courts in Europe, in fashionable society here, in literary circles, in domestic life—it never changes; but social observances, customs and points of etiquette vary with the age and with the people. The diversity of opinion that exists with us in reference to many points which are settled ones in the best society abroad, is unfortunate; for where no fixed rules exist there must always be misapprehensions and misunderstandings; rudenesses suspected where none are intended, and sometimes resented, to the great perplexity of the offender as to the cause given for offense. It is in hope of bringing about a more general understanding with our youth as to the importance of fulfilling their social duties, that this compilation has been made.

Dickens showed his appreciation of the superiority of the instruction given in books over oral teaching, when, in "Nicholas Nickleby," he put in the mouth of the master these words: "We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby. When a boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it." Carlyle says: "On all sides are we not driven to the conclusion that, of the things which man can do or make below, by far the most momentous, wonderful and worthy are the things we call Books! Those poor bits of rag-paper with black ink on them, what have they not done, what are they not doing? Is it not verily, at bottom, the highest act of man's faculty that produces a book? It is the thought of man; the true thaumaturgic virtue, by which man works all things whatsoever. Of all priesthoods, aristocracies, governing classes, extant in the world, there is no class comparable for importance to that priesthood of the writers of books. The man of letters is uttering forth, in such words as he has, the inspired soul of him; all that a man, in any case, can do, I say *inspired*; for what we call originality, sincerity, genius, the heroic quality we have no good name for, signifies that. Complaint is often made, in these times, of what we call the disorganized condition of society; how ill many arranged forces of society fulfil their work; how many powerful forces are seen working in a wasteful, chaotic, altogether unarranged manner. * * * * On the beaten road there is tolerable traveling; but it is a new work, and many have to perish, fashioning a path through the impassable. * * * *

The writer of a book, is not he a preacher, preaching to all men in all times and places? * * * * * * * *

Books persuade men. Not the wretchedest circulating library novel, which foolish girls thumb and con in remote villages, but will help to regulate the actual practical weddings and households of those foolish girls. So Celia felt, so Clifford acted the foolish Theorem of Life, stamped into those young brains, comes out as a solid practice one day. * * * * * * * *

The writers of newspapers, pamphlets, poems, books, these are the real working effective church of a modern country.

Thus, Carlyle shows what importance he places upon the teaching of books. With such views has the compiler of these pages endeavored to do her work, feeling that it is of the highest importance that every one should take pains to be informed concerning the right and best in social intercourse and usage. A well-regulated mind prompts to correctness even in trifles; and yet, how many there are who, fancying that they need no instruction, daily commit errors which display their ignorance.

This knowledge is not born with the individual; it comes only with a cultivation, and *there is no one living who may not be instructed in some points which it is for his advantage to know.*

Points which to some minds are seemingly unessential, are not so as long as they convey to any minds anything that is wounding—like inferiority in station; such, for instance, as the manner of signing letters, and of writing notes, regrets, etc. It is trifles which shade off the points of difference between the various degrees of breeding. Why not then make ourselves acquainted with all these various shades, if it is true that what ever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well? These points, as has been declared, constitute part of what is in the whole no arbitrary and fanciful set of diets. It is a sequence of logical deductions and applications. Necessities of social life produced conventionalities; they are the harness in which the race is run. Those who ridicule and defy them, who take pleasure in outraging them, give evidence that they are not accustomed to their observance, and that neither they themselves belong, nor have their ancestors belonged, to the ranks of the most highly cultivated of their time. Everywhere it is known that the ignorant and the uncultivated are the only ones who underrate the requirements of good-breeding. It has been said that the whole object of these laws is to maintain the dignity of the individual and the comfort of the community. That their observance takes away the disagreements that might result from the meeting of people of opposite character and education, rounds off the sharp angles, makes life easy, and allows us to slip easily over all the dangerous places in our views and wishes and experiences which are nobody's business but our own. Obedience to these laws is to social life what obedience to law is to political life. Whatever enjoyment we have from society, from that agglomeration of morning calls, breakfasts, dinner parties, luncheons, evening entertainments, prolonged visits, rides, drives, operas, theatres, and all which go to make up the business of gay life, and some portion of which enters into all life, even the humblest, since the very poorest among us have their gatherings, and enjoy their pleasures—whatever enjoyment we have from this association, and from our daily existence, so far as others are concerned, is possible only through our obedience to the laws of that etiquette which governs the whole machinery, and keeps every cog and wheel in place and at its own work, which prevents jostling, and carries all things along comfortably to their consummation. Instead then of regarding the understanding of these laws as a trivial thing, we should rather look to see if the observance of them will not lead the way to a still higher level of life and manners; for we may rest assured that a fine etiquette, treating every individual, as it does, on the plane of sovereignty, never forgetting his rights and dignities, giving him his own place, and keeping others out of it, making it easy by custom of the multitude to render unto Cæsar, regarding always, as it will be found to do, the sensitiveness of the most sensitive, destroying the agony of bashfulness, controlling the insolence of audacity, repressing the rapacity of selfishness, and maintaining the authority of the legitimate, has something to do with morality, and is an expression of the best that civilization has yet done. This is what a writer in *Harper's Bazar* has most ably said in a paper that appeared in its columns last winter. Not alone in America is this subject now being agitated, for since the days of the Spectator, never has there been a time when the most distinguished writers of the day have so turned their attention to the importance of good manners, involving the observance of social laws. Everything that pertains to good breeding and mental and moral culture, ought to be of interest to all who instruct the young, whether parents or teachers. Emerson says a circle of men perfectly well-bred, would be a company of sensible persons, in which every man's native manner and character appeared. This assertion implies that mere training will not of itself alone make the manners good, that they are rather the kindly fruit of refined natures, and of culture in past generations. But, even admitting this, do not coarse natures and such as do not possess high transmitted qualities, all the more need the training, without which they would turn society into a Bedlam, and make life unendurable to refined minds and sensitive organizations? Ruskin says a gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation, and of that structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies. One may say, simply, fineness of nature. And yet, as has already been said, such natures even are *not* endowed at birth with a knowledge of the forms which have been created for the purpose of taking away the disagreeabilities which result from people of opposite character and training meeting in social life. Calvert says ladyhood is an emanation from the heart, subtilized by culture. Here we have the two requisites for the highest breeding—transmitted qualities and the culture of good training. Of the higher type of ladyhood, continues Calvert, may always be said what Steele said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings—that unaffected freedom and conscious innocence gave her the attendance of the graces in all her actions. At its highest, ladyhood implies a spirituality made manifest in poetic grace. From the lady there exhales a subtle magnetism. Unconsciously she encircles herself with an atmosphere of unruffled strength which, to those who come into it, gives confidence and repose. Within her influence the diffident grow self-possessed, the impudent are checked, the inconsiderate admonished; even the rude are constrained to be mannerly, and the refined are perfected; all spelled unaware by the charm of the flexible dignity, the commanding gentleness, the thorough womanliness of her look, speech, and demeanor. A sway is this, purely spiritual. Every sway, every legitimate, every enduring sway is spiritual; a regnancy of light over obscurity, of right over brutality. The only real gains we ever make are spiritual gains—a further subjection of the gross to the incorporeal, of body to soul, of the animal to the human. The finest, the most characteristic acts of a lady involve a spiritual ascension, a growing out of herself. In her being and bearing, patience, generosity, benignity are the graces that give shape to the virtues of truthfulness."

Here we have the test of true ladyhood. Were tomes upon tomes written upon the subject, what more, what better, could be said? Let the young remember that whenever they find themselves in the company of those who do not make them feel at ease, they are in the society of pretenders, and not in the company of true gentlewomen and true gentlemen. As in literature, talent alone can never make a good critic, inasmuch as genius is needed to sympathize with genius, so well-bred men and women can only feel at home in the society of the well-bred. In anything less they are aliens and strangers.

Has it ever occurred to any one to picture what society might be, if all who moved in it were gentlemen and gentlewomen; what the earth might be made, if all its inhabitants were kind-hearted—if, instead of contending with the faults of our fellows, we were each to wage war against our own faults? There is no one living who does not need to watch constantly against the evil from within, as well as from without, for, as has been truly said, "a man's greatest foe dwells in his own heart." The lessons of life are never learned until life is ended; the victory over self is never gained until the mortal becomes immortal. This is why Life is called a school, and Sin and Sorrow its teachers. It is a great work, that of self-improvement, self-culture.

Miss Thirreff, writing of the higher education of women, says, so long as essentials are never lost sight of, let us add as many more graces of high culture, as time, or means, or occasion may permit. It is with these graces of high culture that we now have to deal in the following pages, which pages, like those that precede them, are but little more than a compilation from the various authors whose names will be found at the close of this work. Ruskin tells us "all man who have sense and feeling are being continually helped; they are taught by every person whom they meet, and enriched by everything that falls in their way. The greatest is he who has been oftenest aided; and, if the attainments of all human minds could be traced to their real sources, it would be found that the world had been laid most under contribution by the man of most original power, and that every day of their existence deepened their debt to their race, while it enlarged their gifts to it. The labor devoted to trace the origin of any thought, or any invention, will usually issue in the blank conclusion that there is nothing new under the sun; yet nothing that is truly great can ever be altogether borrowed; and he is commonly the wisest, and is always the happiest, who receives simply, and without envious question, whatever good is offered him, with thanks to its immediate giver."

"Its Tone Throughout Elevating."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is one of the very few weekly story papers that do not endanger the morals of our youth. Its tone throughout is elevating, and it can be safely placed in the hands of the young. The baneful influence of light literature upon health and morals is receiving more and more attention, and it behooves parents to carefully watch what papers are being read by their children. We can recommend the POST.—*Phila. Druggist and Chemist.*

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, one of the oldest literary papers published in this country, contains every week an amount of original suggestions that would furnish half a dozen of the average newspapers with editorials for a month.—*Mission Mirror, San Francisco.*

ESTRANGED.

BY E. P.

We met amid the glittering throng,
Careless and calm, as strangers meet:
I, who had suffered slight and wrong,
I could have fallen at your feet—
Submissive at your feet.

We spoke, but in the common speech
Indifferent thought so well supplies;
Pride sealed the quivering lips of each,
And unconcern was in our eyes—
Our cold, averted eyes.

Once! once! Alas, that fatal word,
Sad sepulchre of vanished bliss!
Once rapturous joy our beings stirred,
And then we did not meet like this—
So wretchedly as this.

Ah, little dreamed the thoughtless crowd
That saw us meet, and smile, and part,
How anguish yearned to moan aloud,
And hope lay bleeding in my heart—
Ay, dying in my heart.

How could they know that smiles belied
The misery of my breaking heart?
Or see 'twas only woman's pride
That lent it strength to meet and part—
To meet, O Death! and part!

LOVE SONNET.

BY THOMAS DAVIDSON.

There is no date to Love's eternal year
Saving its first, O deeply Loved and long!
Nor shadow invades the sunshine clear and strong
Which dominates forever its azure sphere.
Yellow the woods grow—yellow and winter drear;
Storms trample down the infinite leafy throng,
Even as my fortunes. Yet the spirit of song
Lives in me, and the warmth of hopeful cheer.
There is no Winter in this Love of ours!
Thinking whereon, when with least clemency,
This Winter of the world and Fortune lowers,
Straightway that Summer's Noon breaks in on me,
Which has no ending nor decline; whose flowers
Are of the Soul, and share her immortality.

CLARE'S LOSS AND GAIN.

CHAPTER I.

"In the name of everything that is charming, who is that sweetly pretty girl!" exclaims Colonel Melladew excitedly, fumbling about his capacious waistcoat in search of his eye-glass.

"Which pretty girl?" is the rather scornful reply. Nowadays all girls are pretty. Upon my honor, it would be quite refreshing to meet a really plain girl with no redeeming points."

"Don't agree with you," answers the first speaker hotly—"don't agree with you at all! A beautiful woman is a most marvellous creation, sir."

"You are quite right there, Colonel; prettiness is a very common commodity, but real beauty is rare indeed. If ever I do meet a really lovely woman, I—I—I'll marry her!" And Gordon Hay, Captain in H. M.'s —th Hussars, laughs with a lazy vanity, evidently thinking he would be behaving with no small generosity to *la belle inconnue*.

"You're mighty condescending; but the lady might be absurdly blind to the honor you would do her—she might say 'No.'"

"Ah, so she might! I forgot that," laughs Captain Hay carelessly.

"Who might say 'No?'" asks a boyish voice behind them. "Say 'No' to our Beauty—why, there's not a woman that could do it, and not a woman as yet that has had the chance of doing it. Eh, Beauty?" And the speaker, a slight, good-looking lad of twenty, lays his hand affectionately on Captain Hay's shoulder.

"No, I have been pretty heart-whole, Bertie," he answers smiling; "I am not as impressionable as most fellows with slender purses are supposed to be. Some of these days I shall meet with a nice little heiress, who will perhaps be content to take the burden of my maintenance upon herself; but I am very happy as I am—much too happy not to hesitate before I change my condition. Women are very pretty little knick-knacks, but, if one wants a good useful article, is is to our own sex we must look."

"I say, young Grand—you boys know everything and everybody—can you tell me who that girl is over there—the one in white with black velvet? And diamonds too, by Jove!" adds the Colonel, who had just found his eye-glass, and by its aid discovers that the object of his admiration is even prettier than he had at first supposed.

"What, the one with the bright hair and blue eyes?" cries Bertie excitedly.

"Yes, yes—'blue eyes put in with a smutty finger,' as we say in Ireland."

"Why, that's my cousin Clare Colquhoun!" says the boy proudly. "Isn't she lovely, Gordon?"

"Your cousin? Why, I had forgotten you had a cousin."

"I wish she were my cousin," interpolates Colonel Melladew ruefully. "Wouldn't I take advantage of my cousinly privileges."

"I do so want you to know her, Beauty," continues the young fellow eagerly, unheeding the interruption. "I have told her so much about you, and she said I might introduce you."

"She is very good," says Captain Hay, a little piqued at the implied patronage. "But come along, Bertie, and let us find her. I will take her on trust for your sake; she can't be so very bad-looking if she is your cousin, little one."

"But I say, Beauty, don't call me 'little one' before her—that's a good fellow," pleads Bertie, blushing furiously as they make their way through the crowded room; "girls chaff so."

"Do they?" queries Gordon Hay, smiling. "All right, Bertie—I will be most discreet." And then a sudden turn brings them right in front of the object of their search.

"Clare, may I introduce my friend to you—Captain Hay, of ours? Gordon this is my cousin, Miss Colquhoun."

"I am very pleased to know your friend, Bertie," answers a sweet voice; and two laughing blue eyes are raised to Captain Hay's face, but lowered almost immediately as they meet his glance of unmistakable admiration.

"By Jove, Bertie has let me in for a good thing," thinks that astute officer to himself. "She is a perfect little beauty, and a realization of my wildest dreams;" and his voice is very low and persuasive as he begs for one dance.

"Only one dance, Miss Colquhoun—surely you can spare me just one?"

"Not even half a one, Captain Hay," is the unrelenting reply; and Miss Colquhoun holds up a gilt-edged programme covered with scribbled names and initials.

But Bertie steps in most generously to the rescue.

"Let him have one of mine, Clare," he says magnanimously—and so it is arranged.

It is on the occasion of a grand ball at the Salford Town-hall, and all the families for miles round have driven in to be present at this their last county festivity for the year, before they settle down to the quietude of a country life in summer, or depart for the more brilliant gaities of a London season.

It has always been an understood thing that, however early Parliament may meet, or whatever enjoyments they may thereby miss, no one in the county shall leave either for the metropolis or elsewhere before this last ball has been given, save under real pressure of business or in case of sickness and death; so year after year the same people have met, with scarcely any break or changes, except those which Time so inevitably brings in its train. But on this memorable night, the twentieth of May, eighteen hundred and seventy-five, there is some slight difference in the list of guests, Salford having recently been declared a garrison-town, and a squadron of the —th Hussars having already come down to take possession of the new barracks, which are as yet scarcely free from the smell of paint and varnish.

No small curiosity is felt as to what manner of men the officers of the regiment will prove to be; and this is to be their first introduction to Salford society. They have entered the ball-room very late, so that even had they known any one present it would have been scarcely likely that they would have found them disengaged and now they were standing in a group against the doorway, looking very bored, and quite at a loss how to amuse themselves.

"Don't you think I might waltz with you?" Captain Cain says languidly to young Grand, looking about him fastidiously. "At first sight they would be sure to take you for a girl, you know."

Bertie flushes indignantly, not daring to answer his senior officer as he would like, but stroking his incipient moustache very tenderly, as though it might resent the implied insult and refuse to grow any more.

"You see," goes on Captain Cain grumblingly, "we are not the 10th—we would dance if we could; but, in the name of the fair Terpsichore herself, how is it to be managed?"

To this there is no reply; the speaker is not a favorite in the regiment, and most of those present would give up their own opinions rather than, by standing to them, appear to agree with him. Later on they adjourn to the supper-room, to which cool retreat Captain Hay had also retired with Miss Colquhoun after their waltz was over, and it is not long before Captain Cain's sharp eyes discover them.

"Hallo!" he calls out crossly. "There's that fellow Hay in luck again; he has not only a partner, but she is the prettiest girl in the room."

"She is my cousin," says Bertie Grand.

"Oh! Then you will introduce me!" is the delighted reply.

"Sorry I can't oblige you," returns the boy, taking his revenge as soberly as he can, "but her card is full, and she does not wish to make any fresh acquaintances to-night. By-the-by, this is my dance with her", he concludes, chuckling to himself at the Captain's discomfiture as he moves away.

In the meantime Captain Hay is making good use of his time.

"Do you know, Miss Colquhoun, I am almost tempted to become a fatalist and dreamer of dreams," he begins seriously, leaning one elbow on the table and looking up earnestly in her face. "I was very loath to come out to-night to meet what our Colonel rather cruelly called the aborigines—indeed I had almost made up my mind that the game would not be worth the candle, and had resolved not to be persuaded to put on my war-paint and join the others; but something—I don't know what—seemed to draw me hither, and so here I am in spite of myself."

"Don't you think that the fatalism consisted in being tired of the monotony of barrack-life, and in the longing for any change, even though it might be for the worse?" And Clare Colquhoun rests her cheek on her small well-gloved hand, and looks up archly in his face.

"I might have thought so ten minutes ago. I could never believe it now"—impressively.

A silvery mocking laugh is the only reply to this, as Miss Colquhoun opens her fan and waves it to and fro indifferently.

"I wish," continues Captain Hay, "that I had something new to tell you; all the compliments that I could pay you would seem so hopelessly stale."

"Then why bore me with them?" she questions, smiling.

"I can understand the pleasure Antony must have felt at seeing Cleopatra drinking the costliest draught that ever empress or queen had tasted before," he persists gravely, as he watches her raise her champagne-glass to her lips; "depend upon it, Miss Colquhoun, that pearl was not so utterly wasted as some people fancy."

"Captain Hay, I think you are talking great nonsense," she answers decisively, putting down her glass with a vicious little jerk.

"Yes, I know"—laughing ruefully—"and I cannot help myself; the tongue is a small member, but a very powerful one. To-night I feel that speech is sometimes a very dangerous gift, and does not always, as Talleyrand suggested, serve to conceal our thoughts. Ah, here comes your cousin, and we can return to common sense!"

"What is it, Hay?" asks Bertie, looking curiously from one to the other as he joins them.

"Nothing much," answers Gordon Hay, constrainedly. "The fact is, I have been dreaming, and Miss Colquhoun, not being accustomed to hear people talk in their sleep, thinks I am mad."

For a moment the boy looks puzzled.

"This is our dance, Clare," he says, a little jealously.

"But you will excuse me, Bertie, will you not? I am so very tired. Will you find papa, and tell him I am ready to go?"

"Yes, I will, if you wish it," answers the lad dolefully; "but I have not had one dance with you, and my name was down for three!" And then, without waiting for a reply, he strides off.

"Poor Bertie!" says Captain Hay, smiling.

"Yes, poor Bertie!" echoes the girl softly.

CHAPTER II.

It is a clear, brilliant morning, and the sun, with the sweet warmth of early summer, is shining into the breakfast-room of Ainslee Court. The birds are singing sweetly, and through the open windows is floating the mingled scent of musk and roses from the well-cared-for garden, while all over the room there are deep china bowls and tall, graceful vases full of sweet June flowers. A very handsome, well-furnished mansion is this that the Colquhouns have lived in for so many generations—one of those old-fashioned but graceful buildings of Gothic structure, with long low wings at either side, and quaint old gables; it is of gray stone, with figures in niches over the doors and between the windows, and a large heavy-looking portico, supported on massive pillars, shading the entrance-hall and the broad low steps leading to it. There is a splendid drive through the grounds, an avenue of luxuriant horse-chestnuts, that just now are in a perfect blaze of glorious blossom; and opposite the drawing-room windows is a large velvet-green lawn, while just above it is a white stone terrace, with large marble stands full of scarlet geraniums, ferns, and mignonette. At one side of the house is a cluster of copper beeches and silver elms that glisten and glitter in the strong morning light; and on the other side there are the greenhouses and vineries; for to the charm of ancient grandeur that was everywhere apparent had been added all the refinement of a later age and the improvement of modern times.

The present owner of Ainslee Court is a widower, with one daughter, Clare, who, has grown up under the strict supervision of her maiden aunt, Miss Priscilla Grand, a lady of a certain age but very uncertain temper, who acts as housekeeper and chaperon, and has taken the whole management of the estate into her own hands—indeed, in this she has perfect right on her side, as, if it had not been for her very handsome income, everything would long since have come under the auctioneer's hammer, for in his youth James Colquhoun had been very extravagant, and had spent all his wife's fortune and nearly all his own.

Clare has now just turned nineteen, and having lived so quietly all her life is comparatively unconscious of the beauty with which nature has endowed her. Her hair is of that rich golden brown which is so infinitely rare and becoming, and her eyes are of the sweetest, brightest blue, shaded by the darkest, longest lashes that were ever seen out of Ireland. Her lips are red and beautifully moulded, and her nose is the sweetest little feature that ever graced the countenance of a flirt. For flirt she is, and has been ever since childhood.

It is about a fortnight now since the Salford county ball, and the gayest, most enjoyable fortnight that Clare ever remembers; all the Colquhoun neighbors are so old and ugly that it is quite a relief to come in contact with the young officers, for most of them are good-looking, and all, to the girl's inexperienced eye, seem nice. Bertie has always lived with his relatives, and Captain Hay, as his particular friend, has been cordially welcomed by Mr. Colquhoun and Clare; Miss Grand does not like him, and makes no secret of her sentiments—Captain Cain is her favorite, having called several times in spite of Bertie's strenuous efforts to keep him from becoming intimate, and succeeded in making himself very agreeable and entertaining. The old Colonel too is wonderfully taken with Clare's *beaux yeux*, and two or three times a week, for the sake of a smile or the few gracious words which she so carelessly gives him, trots along the dusty road that leads to Ainslee Court.

On this particular morning Clare is seated at the head of the table, ministering to the wants of her father and aunt. The latter is looking very disturbed, and her tones are very severe as she asks—

"Clara, how was it that my nephew Herbert did not come to see us yesterday?"

"My name is not Clara," answers her niece petulantly. "I wish you would remember that, aunt Priscilla."

"Well, it ought to have been," is the determined reply. "I have no patience with people who are not satisfied with the good old English names, and must try to Frenchify them."

Clare does not answer, but goes on pouring some more coffee out for herself, which after all she forgets to drink, and leaves untasted.

"But that is no answer to my question," continues the old lady sternly. "I asked you why my nephew Herbert did not come near us yesterday?"

"And I think, my dear Priscilla," interrupts Mr. Colquhoun suavely, speaking now for the first time, "that you are a little indiscreet in putting so leading a question—one should not inquire too deeply into the cause of lovers' quarrels."

"It was not a lovers' quarrel, papa," says Clare in a low voice, bending down while she arranges the pale tea-rose that is fastened in her holland dress.

"There, James, you see all the good you do by interfering! Leave the girl to me, and let us understand each other once for all. Do you or do you not intend to marry my nephew Herbert? That's what I want to know."

"You see, my dear Clare," ventures her father again, but very meekly, "Herbert will have five thousand a year of his own directly he is of age, which will be next month—and you know that my income is very much below my expenses. Of course we could not live on our own miserable pittance were it not for your aunt's great kindness and generosity."

"Hold your tongue, James!" says Priscilla sharply. "All I have to say is this—I have a pretty good fortune of my own, as you doubtless well know, James Colquhoun"—turning round on him suddenly—"but every shilling I possess, and every bit of jewelry—yes, even the diamonds which I lent to Clare the other night—go to Herbert's wife."

"But he is so young," demures Clare.

"And, for the matter of that, so are you," is the unrelenting retort—"much too young to know your own mind, but you know mine now, so you cannot say I did not warn you;" and Miss Priscilla sweeps out of the room, with her stiff skirts rustling after her, and the tapping of her gold-headed walking stick echoing through the spacious hall.

"There, my dear," says Mr. Colquhoun, sighing resignedly; "you have vexed your aunt, and I shall have to go and pacify her. Why on earth can't you listen to reason, Clare?" And without waiting for an answer he follows his irate sister-in-law to try and coax her into a better frame of mind.

Poor Clare, who is half bewildered and half irritated, sits still for some few moments after they have left, and then jumps up hastily.

"I wish aunt Priscilla's nephew Herbert were at Jerusalem, or the Antipodes, or somewhere!" she cries crossly, stamping one little foot impatiently; but at that moment a young handsome face peers in at one of the French windows.

"I say, Clare," says Bertie Grand cautiously.

Despite her anger against him, as being the cause of her aunt's displeasure, Clare cannot resist giving a smile of welcome in answer to his wistful glance.

"Are they coming back again? May I come in and speak to you?" he continues eagerly, throwing one leg over the window-sill.

"You may come in if you like," is the spiritless reply.

"I peeped in just now," goes on Bertie as he swings himself in, "but aunt Priscilla's face was so particularly uninviting that I slipped back and thought I would hang about until they were gone. Come and have a stroll, do; it is such a jolly morning."

"Can't. I have a headache," answers Clare shortly.

"They've not been bothering you?" questions Bertie anxiously.

"They are always bothering me," she says hopelessly.

"About me?" asks Bertie in a low voice, looking down on the ground and shuffling his feet uncomfortably.

Clare nods her head. Bertie turns and goes to the window, gazing out dolefully over the brilliant flower-beds, that only seem to mock his present misery.

"Never mind, Bertie; I don't mind—much," says his cousin gently, coming up beside him, and laying her hand on his shoulder.

He wheels round hastily.

"Clare, why can't you love me?" he cries earnestly. "Am I so very repulsive and unlovable?"

Clare turns from him quickly, as though startled by his sudden appeal.

"Heaven knows how dear you are to me," continues the boy passionately—"and you would surely grow to love me—in time."

He has taken her hand in his, and waits eagerly for her reply; but none is forthcoming, and presently he resumes:

"I was asking Hay the other day whether I was the sort of a fellow that a woman could like—not from vanity, you know, and he knew that, or he would not have answered as he did. I thought I should like to know for your sake."

Clare laughs in spite of herself, though the tears are standing in her eyes.

"What a queer boy you are," she says, half amused, and then shyly. "Well, and what did your friend say?"

"He said," answers Bertie impressively, "that a woman must be very hardhearted indeed who could not love me."

"Oh!" says Clare, drawing a long breath, and fingering the window cord nervously. "I dare say I should have loved you, Bertie, if we had not been cousins, and if I had not been worried so by papa and aunt. Besides you have so much money!"

"Bother the money!" cries Bertie impatiently.

"So say I," agrees Clare heartily.

Then silence reigns between them for some moments; Bertie retires to his window, and Clare takes up her work and devotes herself most assiduously to it; while the servant clears the table and puts the room in order. Presently everything is settled, the door closes behind the officious Abigail, and Bertie breathes freely again.

"Now, Clare," he commences gravely, drawing a footstool near by her chair, and looking up very earnestly into her face, "let us talk the matter over quietly."

"I am quite willing," she answers resignedly.

"Well, then, in the first place, are you happy as things are now?"

"Not since aunt Priscilla got this ridiculous idea into her head."

"But, depend upon it, the idea once having taken root, nothing on earth will displace it," says the lad.

"Yes, I suppose you are right," acquiesces Clare, with downcast eyes.

"And if," he goes on slowly, "she is vexed in this particular she will leave you—and you know what that means to your father, Clare?"

"Yes, it means ruin," she says quietly.

"I am afraid it does, little cousin. You know I have lots of money, and would willingly—oh, Clare, so willingly—share it with you and with my uncle; but I have not the power to make over a penny of it while I live—so don't you see there is nothing left for you to do?"

"Yes, I see," says the girl, in the same quiet unemotional voice.

"And you are not in love with any one else?"

"No, of course not," she exclaims, flushing up excitedly.

"No, of course not," agrees Bertie seriously; "there is no one to be in love with. Aunt Priscilla takes good care that you do not see too much of any one. Why, I had a difficulty in even getting her to allow Captain Hay to come here so often although he is quite thirty-five, and does not care a rap for women. He flirts with them shamefully, I admit, but he does not mean anything."

"Never mind Captain Hay, Bertie; tell me what you were going to say," says Clare coldly.

"Only this—that, if it were for your happiness, I would go away at once and never see you again, although it would seem like death to part from you; but, as it is, why can't you try and like me? I will be very good to you, Clare, if you will give yourself to my keeping."

Bertie raises his beautiful eyes pleadingly to her face, holding one of her hands tightly in both of his. With the other she strokes back the fair curly hair that falls over his forehead, as she answered sadly:

"I would be doing you a wrong, too, Bertie."

"Never mind that darling," he answers brightly. "Only try to love me, and I shall be content."

"If you wish it, I shall try," she whispers faintly.

"If I wish it?" cries Bertie rapturously, as he catches her in his arms and kisses her. "I should rather think I did wish it!"

CHAPTER III.

"'When Greeks joined Greeks,'" says Miss Grand severely, "you know the rest, I presume, James Colquhoun?"

"Yes, I know the rest, but I don't quite see how it applies in this case," answers the long-suffering man meekly.

"Don't you? Well, I do. Your daughter Clare is the wickedest little coquette that ever breathed and that man, Captain Gordon Hay, as he calls himself, though he looks like a tenor out of an engagement, with that ridiculous long moustache of his—that man, I say, is not only a notorious flirt, but he is also entirely without either morals or principle."

"My dear Priscilla!" says Mr. Colquhoun in mild remonstrance.

"Yes, James, I know it, and on good authority. Captain Cain was my informant, a most gentlemanly young man, who could have said much more had he wished, only, as he himself delicately expressed it, he would refrain from shocking me."

"Very considerate of him," answers her brother-in-law.

"He is altogether superior to the usual class of young men, and a charming friend for our Herbert."

"I don't know about that," is the dubious reply. "I don't quite approve of people taking away their friends' characters behind their backs; it is not good form, and—and it is very unmilitary."

"But, my dear James, the young man smothered all the scruples that he felt for our sakes, so that we ought not to judge him severely; he felt the greatest pain in so speaking, but duty——" And Miss Priscilla shook her head impressively, as though to imply that there were no lengths to which that devoted young man would not go for the sake of having the knowledge that he had done rightly.

"Well, I'm sure it is very considerate of him, as I said before," says Mr. Colquhoun gently; "and—and—and what was his motive?"

"Motive? Why, to serve me of course, and your daughter!"

"My daughter can take care of herself, without any interference of his," he interrupts testily. "You say she is a little flirt."

"And so she is," breaks in Miss Priscilla, tapping her walking-stick decisively on the stone floor of the terrace where they were sitting.

"Well, then, depend upon it, she is only flirting with Hay, though he is the nicest young fellow I have seen for a long time; and, if it were not for Bertie, there is no one I would rather have as a husband for my little girl."

"And what would your 'little girl' have to live on, I should like to know, with a penniless husband?" cries Miss Priscilla satirically. "Bread and cheese and kisses, I suppose."

"They might have worse fare than that," says Mr. Colquhoun, smiling ruefully as he thinks of the "stalled ox, and strife therewith," of which he is a daily partaker, and, being neither gormand nor epicure, he thinks that even the peaceful dinner of herbs would be preferable.

But his sister-in-law does not hear this remark, all her attention being fixed on the lawn beneath them.

"Look, James, look!" she cries excitedly, "and tell me if it is not shameful the way in which those two are behaving!"

Mr. Colquhoun puts up his glasses, and through them sees a very pretty scene, even if it be, according to Miss Grand, a very shameful one. Captain Hay is teaching Clare archery, and showing her how to manage her bow, and how to aim the arrow at the target before them.

"There, hold it there—yes—so," he says eagerly, as he tells her how to handle it, and for a moment his hand lingers caressingly on the slender white fingers that he cannot help touching.

"Will that do, oh, my master?" she asks gaily, leaning back and laughing into his face, and it is at that instant that Miss Priscilla's sharp eyes have noticed them.

"How have I vexed your aunt?" says Gordon Hay wonderingly. "She is looking daggers at me now; if a glance could slay, I should be already dead at your feet—and, truth to tell, I could wish for no better fate."

"What an incorrigible flirt you are!" laughs Clare. "I think therein lies the secret of aunt Priscilla's dislike."

"Then she does dislike me?"

"I am afraid she does."

"Afraid! Do you care?" he asks anxiously.

"It is, of course, nothing to me," remarks Clare carelessly, passing her fingers slowly down the string of her bow.

"Miss Colquhoun, if I knew you better, I should say that your aunt ought to extend her dislike to you, for you are certainly the most determined flirt that ever took delight in torturing a man's heart."

"But, as you do not know me better, I presume you will not say it, Captain Hay," comments Clare drily, letting fly her arrow, which, being thus sent without definite aim, is buried some distance off in the long, waving grass.

"No; I will not say it."

"After all, I don't see why one should not flirt," continues the girl audaciously, "so long as one only chooses foemen worthy of one's steel!"

"And where would you draw the line, Miss Colquhoun?" he asks quietly.

"At old men and boys, I suppose" she answers demurely, thinking of Bertie and Colonel Milladew.

"And I am neither.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMEN IN RUSSIA.

In the diverse conceptions of woman's claims and functions encountered up and down the scale of ranks in Russia, we have the most decisive proof of the duel between the crust of refinement and culture superposed by Catherine II. and the organic structure of old Muscovy. As regards the high society of St. Petersburg, or even the middle grades of the nobility, or of civil and military functionaries throughout the country, it is certain that the ladies are at least equal, perhaps superior, in breeding and education to the men. It is wholly otherwise in the trading and farming class, which constitutes the mass of the population, and whose ideas and customs keep the impress of Asiatic or Byzantine manners. Indeed, the contempt for the female sex, and the debased condition of the wife, subjected to ignominious ceremonies at the time of her marriage, and to ignoble treatment on the part of her husband, are precise features of indigenous Russian life which have most shocked foreign travellers from the sixteenth century up to our own day. It is to Herberstein, who disclosed to Continental Europe the interior of Muscovy, that we owe the familiar story of the Russian woman married to a German, who complained of her husband's frigidity, because he had not once beaten her. There is a national proverb to the same effect, "Love your wife as your own soul, and beat her like your fur jacket."—"A husband's cuffs leaves no mark," is another adage put in a wife's mouth. Where such manners are consecrated by tradition, it is not to be expected that public opinion should recognise in blows and maltreatment an adequate ground for divorce. The moujik cannot be made to understand how his right to chastise his helpmate can be questioned, and when he is summoned for this offence before a magistrate, serenely explains that the victim was his wife, his property. Here and there the popular songs bear traces of the griefs which in the rough furrows of daily life the Russian woman finds it prudent to conceal. "Ages have rolled away," says the poet Nekrasof, "the whole face of the earth has brightened, only the sombrelot of a moujik's wife Heaven forgets to change." And the same poet makes one of his village heroines say, apropos of the enfranchisement of the serfs, "Providence has forgotten the nook where it hid the keys of woman's emancipation." In a word, the wife of the Muscovite peasant seems to have been until recently the slave of the slave, and to have borne on her head the whole weight of a double edifice of servitude. Yet it may be that to rehabilitate her a little liberty and comfort would suffice, and probably the freedom of the serf will in the end be complemented by the elevation of his companion. Already in some communes there are gleams of a new order, the mother of adult children, for instance, enjoying a certain consideration.

FACETIÆ.

—An "old saying"—Telling one's age.

—A delinquent pupil—Blind in one eye.

—"News of peace"—A bit of one's mind.

—Children on the double-entry plan—Twins.

—Pawnbrokers quote Ulster and duster exchange at nearly par.

—Lafitte, the pirate, used to refer to his black banner as this tarry flag.

—"Walking against time"—Colliding with, and smashing, a man's watch.

—You will generally find Freshmen at colleges, but go to the sea for old "salts."

—When the San Francisco Hoodlums drown a Chinaman, they call it "steeping tea."

—The inventor of the bomb-shell got his first idea from the rear leg action of a healthy mule.

—The wife of the patriarch of the Ark is the first woman on record who ever said No-ah to a man.

—The fashionable young lady of the present day is like the capable railroad engineer. She generally has her train well in hand.

—That insect, Othello, of the sands and swamps of Jersey, the mosquito, has roused himself from his winter slumbers, and began to call for blood.

—The difference between a bear and prize-fighters is, that whereas the first is said to lick her cubs into shape, the latter generally lick each other out of shape.

—The oldest living woman resides in Mexico. She confesses to one hundred and forty, and bearing in mind the sex, it is only reasonable to suppose she is at least two hundred.

—When the telephone comes into general use there will be considerable more pleasure and safety in telling a man he lies, than is obtained under the present constrained and inconvenient system.

—Many a boy has since caused trouble with the little hatchet, but young George stands historically alone in his anxiety to tell the truth, and let the "old man" know all about it, and is likely to remain so.

—It will make a better impression upon all spectators when you are made a present of a pound of fancy washing soap, if you do not manifest wonder and inquire of everybody, either what it is, or what it's for.

—So obtuse are some folks that shortly the sight of a little boy with his hands crossed over himself in front, low down, will be the first intimation they get that the blessed season of green apples and colic is once more at hand.

—It is said that the girls of Vassar College play billiards. The utility of this will be evident when it becomes necessary to execute a carom on her husband's head with the sugar bowl, or "draw" for him with the broomstick.

—When some people hear that glass was not invented till a certain period in the world's history, they have to wonder how they managed to carry "pocket pistols" before those days for the benefit of folks fainting on the railroad trains.

—Life is full of perpetual freshness. The individual who put himself beyond redemption the past winter by cursing plumbers, will shortly have an opportunity of varying the exercise by wishing somebody would hang the ice-men.

—The beautiful influences of the drama are never more noticeable than when between the acts of "Ten Nights in a Barroom," or "The Drunkard," seven-eighths of the male portion of the audience file out to get some fresh air and a bit of lemon-peel.

—It is quite probable that if they were given time to make a choice, many of the youthful poets of "Spring" would ask to be buried where they might hear the rippling song of the waters, or the gentle murmur of the weeping willows sighing above their early graves.

—Women marry from different motives, and it would seem that many enter the happy state solely to have an opportunity of throwing off their small sized shoes and enjoying a good comfortable time on cleaning-up days tramping round the house in their husband's boots.

—The patent medicine inventor and vendor knows, feels, and will tell you that the general use of his preparation would starve all the doctors, undertakers and grave-diggers in the country, yet this reflection does not prevent him making every effort to accomplish this most terrible result.

—The advocates of the Atomic theory, say there is nothing more insignificant than an ultimate atom. But the lover of classical music doubts this, and thinks the man who persists in whistling the "Mulligan Guards," or "Sweet Bye and Bye," is smaller, and goes beyond it by an immeasurable distance.

—A tramp hung himself in the western part of the State recently. He had consented to saw some wood for his dinner, and several of his friends saw him. The disgrace of being seen at work was too much for his pride, and in mortification he made away with himself. He was still very much mortified when discovered.

—There is, doubtless, no reasonable probability that umbrellas will ever be abolished, but if they should, it is morally certain that the human energy expended in causing their mysterious disappearance, would find an active field in the retirement from evening parties of all the best hats before eleven o'clock.

—"Literature, instead of a blessing, has been my curse," he murmured as the magistrate told him to stand up. "How so?" interrogated the tipstaff. "By too blindly following its teachings," was the reply. "Observe," he added, drawing a cook-book from his pocket, and opening it, "the first direction is, 'take a ham, and cook it.' I followed that behest faithfully; sir, took the ham, and now I am doomed to the calaboose for attending to the doctrines of the learned."

—Almost all written by the great poets is beautiful, but there are some sentiments expressed by them which will never receive general approbation. Goethe's last words, "more light, more light!" are no doubt very pretty, considered under some circumstances, but most young ladies with beaux will assert that, far from being tasteful or sentimental, their application to the parlor Sunday evening would be a cause of serious embarrassment and inharmoniousness.

ANY ONE TROUBLED WITH A COUGH OR COLD, will avoid much suffering and risk by using promptly Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old curative of conceded merit.

NOT IN VAIN.

BY MRS. MARY E. HALL.

There's not a cloud that floats on high,
And hides the golden light,
But makes the splendor of the sky
When beaming, seem more bright.

There's not a flower that fades at noon
Beneath the sun's bright ray—
But makes life sweeter for its bloom,
And glorifies the day.

There's not a bird upon the wing
Of all the countless throng,
But to some weary heart may bring
A blessing with its song.

There's not an aspiration grand
That rises from the soul,
But is recorded by the Hand
This world can ne'er control.

Though oft our toiling seems in vain,
The precious seed we sow,
Though watered by the tears of pain,
In God's good time shall grow.

Then let the clouds of darkness loom
And hide the light above,
My soul shall penetrate the gloom
And trust the Master's love.

NEVER MORE.

O sweetness that can never more return!
Thou art passed out of life—and whither flown!
The hard pruned bough may heal, and sprout anew,
And some light hearts may all too quickly learn
To spare the brave, and live without the true.

Set as some painter that yet seeks in vain
The long-wooed color for his hungry eye,
And dreams it woven on some foreign loom,
To wake and find it missing 'neath his sky,
So have we lost a glory to the tomb.

Spring shall come round, and all her sounds be dear,
And sweet her lips with all ambrosial dew,
The wooing sun shall set earth's heart astir,
And she rejoice, and we have rapture too,
But one hushed chord shall no more answer her.

Out of life's sunny woof one thread is drawn,
Death's face hath bleached for us her tiniest dye;
One flower that bloomed hath fallen—later flower
Will never shine as sweet against our sky,
Fill this blank space, that fragrant scent restore.

Ah, painter! take thy brush, for life is short,
And use the colors left thee—they are fair—
But carry still the hunger at thine heart
For that which is not there.
Henceforth, upon thy palette and my life
One unfilled place lies bare.

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"But, Raoul," he rejoined, "when I found her hiding behind the trees, and she owned that she was guilty, what was I to think?"

"Careless as you have been of her," said Sir Raoul, "you might have known her better. If I heard her say such a thing, I should, even in spite of her words, believe in her innocence. Shame on you, Caraven, that I, a stranger to her, should have to take up her defence! Shame on you that you did not understand her better! She had learned to love you, poor child! I thought she would. You drove her mad with her slighted, wounded love and jealousy, and she followed you; that was what she meant when she owned that she was guilty. She meant guilty of loving you when you have studiously neglected her—guilty of jealousy when there was no love. I understand her words even if you do not."

"I am very sorry," said the Earl humbly—"doubly sorry, because, do you know Raoul, I was really beginning to love and care for her."

"Beginning!" cried Sir Raoul. "I hope I shall keep my patience. Beginning to love her. You will have to answer hereafter for all these long months of neglect and unkindness. To me your sin appears a terrible one. You had one of the noblest women in the world for your wife, and to gratify your foolish whims you have neglected her. Shame on you, Caraven—you are no man to treat such a wife in such a fashion!"

"What can I do?" asked the Earl humbly.

"Whither have you sent her?" was the stern inquiry.

"To her father's house," replied the Earl.

"Then I will tell you what to do. Go as fast as steam can take you, and ask her pardon. She is a noble woman, and she may forgive; but," added the soldier frankly, with a flush on his honest face, "I declare that if I were in her place I never would."

The Earl took the advice offered him, and went straight off to town.

* * * * * * *

Lady Caraven had refused to see any one; she had refused to quit her apartment. The horror of the charge made against her overpowered her.

Her father had written to the Earl, and had received in reply a statement of all the circumstances of Hildred's departure, including a detailed description of the incidents surrounding the shooting of Lady Hamilton. Of course believing his wife to be the culprit, Lord Caraven said as much to the old lawyer.

Her husband, it really seemed, believed her guilty of intent to murder. At first that was the only idea her mind could grasp—a horrible, distorted idea. She could not think clearly. Her husband, whom she had saved from ruin, whom she had roused from indolence and self-indulgence, whose better nature she had called into life, whom she loved with a passionate love, had judged her guilty of murder. She could not realize it; she could not put her thoughts into words; they assumed no tangible form. Then slowly enough she returned to a clear memory of what had happened.

Some one had shot Lady Hamilton; who it was, or how it had happened, she could not tell. Then she remembered having heard fired the shot of which at the time she had thought so little. She remembered how something had whizzed through the trees. By degrees all the events of that dreadful night returned to her clearly and forcibly—the startled cry, the sound that came from the borders of the lake, the tramp of many feet—and she wondered that all these things had had no significance for her when her husband had cried—"you guilty, cruel woman!" and she had owned herself guilty. Then she saw how the mistake had arisen. They had been playing at cross-purposes. He meant that she was guilty of murder; she had meant that she was guilty of jealousy and of following him.

She was in despair. Of what avail would it be now to defend herself, to tell him that she was not guilty, to try to clear herself? Her husband would never believe her; he would always suspect her because of her own words.

"Was there ever a fate like mine?" cried the unhappy girl. "What have I done that such a lot in life should be mine?"

Her courage, her bravery, her hope and faith, seemed all to give way. She was in despair. Her husband believed her guilty of a great crime, and she had no means of proving her innocence. The only hope that remained to her was that the real criminal would confess, and so free her from the accusation; but that was most unlikely. In her own mind she believed that some lover of Lady Hamilton's, wild with jealousy, had fired the shot at her; if so, it was most unlikely that he would accuse himself.

No, there was no hope. She had striven so bravely to bear a cruel fate; she had made a brave fight where many people would have run away—and now it was all ended. So far was her husband from loving her that he believed her guilty of a crime, thought her capable of a murder. The girl's heart failed her utterly; she would fain have turned her face to the wall and died.

"Sir Raoul would not have believed it," she said to herself: "he would have defended me."

All hope was at an end. She felt that she could never interest herself in life again. Then a vague, but none the less terrible, fear came over her. She could not tell what might happen. Suppose Lady Hamilton should die? Some one must be punished. Her husband had said that he would keep her secret, but suppose that he found it impossible to do so—that, from circumstantial evidence, others suspected and accused her—what could she do? There could be no defence. She had been found behind the trees, and she had said she was guilty. Could it be within the bounds of possibility that she, Hildred, Countess of Caraven, would ever be brought before a public tribunal and tried for a crime of which she was perfectly innocent? Her vivid imagination ran riot about it. She pictured herself in a dark cell. She wept until, from sheer exhaustion, she slept.

A knocking at the door aroused her.

"Hildred," called Arley Ransome, "I wish to see you."

"Papa," said the girl, "I'm tired of the world—tired of my life. Let me die in peace."

Fearful of drawing the attention of his servants, he went away, returning again and again with the same entreaty, but she would not see him. She refused all food, she never attempted to go to rest, and at last Arley Ransome grew alarmed about her. He would not force open the door—that would create a scandal, and the notion of scandal was as bitter as death to him. It was with a feeling of the most intense relief that he saw Lord Caraven arrive.

"This is a terrible business," he said. "My daughter must have been driven to the greatest extremes before she did this."

"It is all a very foolish mistake!" cried the Earl. "Where is she? I want to see her."

"A mistake!" said the lawyer, with dignity. "Most men would give your conduct another name, Lord Caraven. People should be careful before they make such mistakes."

"Where is Hildred?" cried the Earl. "I want to see her at once."

"I am not at all sure that my daughter will see you," answered Arley Ransome. "I must say that she has been cruelly treated. You are a peer of the realm, Lord Caraven, but have you behaved as a gentleman to my child? Have you treated her with due courtesy or affection?"

"No, I have not, but this is not the time to discuss such subjects. I want to see my wife—to apologize to her."

That utterance caused the proud Earl a great effort. It did not conciliate Arley Ransome.

"Something more than that is due," he said gravely. "You write to me, telling me my daughter has been guilty of an attempt to murder. In the silence and darkness of night you send her from home as though she were one of the guiltiest criminals in the world. You denounce her to me, and then you hurry after her saying that it is all a mistake. Such mistakes are not likely to be pardoned, my lord."

The Earl kept his patience with great difficulty.

"Will you let me see my wife?" he cried.

Arley Ransome saw that he had gone as far as prudence would permit him to go.

"I can tell you nothing of your wife, Lord Caraven," he said: "I hardly know whether she is living or dead."

The Earl's face changed.

"Is she ill?" he cried.

"Even that I cannot tell you," answered the lawyer. "My daughter has shut herself up in her room, and has refused to see any one. I can only say that since she heard you had believed her guilty of that crime, she has neither, eaten, drank, nor slept."

"Let me go to her at once!" said Lord Caraven. "Do not be hard on me, Mr. Ransome—I have had a great deal to suffer."

And these few words disarmed the lawyer.

They went to Hildred's room. Arley Ransome spoke first.

"Hildred, I have something very particular to say to you—please open the door."

There was not the least sound, and Lord Caraven began to feel slightly alarmed.

"Hildred," said her father, "I have a message from your husband."

Still there was no sound, and unable longer to control himself the Earl cried out:

"Hildred, Hildred! for Heaven's sake speak to me! Let me in—I want to see you!"

The sound of his voice seemed to have an electric effect upon her. The next moment she turned the key in the lock and opened wide the door.

With a cry of fear and surprise he started back when he saw her. He had seen her lately so beautiful, so radiant—now her long black hair hung in disorder over her shoulders; her face was pale and stained with tears, her eyes were dim, her lips white. He hardly knew her.

"Hildred!" he cried.

She looked at him with dim, sad eyes.

"You!" she said. "Is it you, who thought me guilty of murder?"

Lord Caraven turned to Arley Ransome.

"Leave me alone with her," he said. "I have much to say."

Mr. Ransome went away. The Earl entered the room and closed the door. He went to his wife, holding out both his hands.

"Will you forgive me?" he said. "I can never pardon myself."

But she shrank from him.

"You believed that I committed murder," she answered. "No I cannot touch your hands."

"Hildred, listen. It was almost all your own fault—you said that you were guilty."

"Not of murder," she rejoined. "I could not have supposed that you would think me capable of that, much as you dislike me!"

"I do not dislike you, Hildred," said the Earl, in a voice full of emotion; "and I am indeed grieved at having offended you. Do not refuse to pardon me."

"There can be no pardon, my lord, for the great wrong you have done me," she replied.

And then the Earl knew that if ever he won his wife's pardon, it would be a work of patience and time.

"I cannot believe," he said, "that you will be unkind or unjust to me, Hildred—I have suffered more than you have."

"That is not possible," she then rejoined—"no one accused you of a terrible crime."

"But I have suspected an innocent person," he said; "and it is harder to inflict than to bear pain."

"My pain would not displease, nor discompose you," she replied.

There was something in her manner which half frightened him—she seemed as though her brain was dazed. She did not appear like herself. He began to wonder if suffering and suspense had really driven her mad.

"Hildred," he said very gently, "do you know that you frighten me?"

"Do I?" she asked drearily. "I am glad. You ought to be frightened about me. I have never done you any harm, and you have been most unkind to me—you have been cruel to me, and you have made my life hateful to me."

"Nay, it is not surely so bad as that?"

"It could not well be worse," she answered.

He gazed anxiously at her. She looked pale and wan, with the stains of bitter weeping on her face. He saw, too, that she shivered like one seized with mortal cold.

"Hildred!" he cried, "do forgive me—you do not know how grieved I am to see you like this. I want to tell you how the misunderstanding happened. Will you listen?"

"Yes," she replied mechanically; and she sat silent and motionless while he told her the story. She looked at him when it was ended with dull, dim eyes.

"I am very sorry," she said, "that Blantyre made the mistake. I almost wish that he had shot me through the heart. What have I to live for?"

"I could not spare you, Hildred—you have been the good angel of my life!" he cried.

"You would be better without me. Your estates are free and unencumbered now—you have roused yourself to a sense of your duties—you know how to perform them. I am of no more use. I am, indeed, sorry that John Blantyre missed his aim."

"That is not like you, Hildred. Where is your bright energy, your hope, your cheerful animation?"

She clasped her hands with a shudder.

"I am sick," she said—"sick with terrible despair."

He was at a loss what to say to her—she seemed immovable. Suddenly her face flushed, and a bright light came into the eyes that had been dim.

"You sent me from your house, Lord Caraven, and pronounced me guilty on what seems to me very slight evidence. I may claim to be at least as credulous as yourself, yet I declare that had any one accused you of murder I should not have believed it. You judged me guilty at once—guilty of trying to murder—I, who never in my life trampled even upon a worm. Why should you have thought that I wished Lady Hamilton dead?"

He looked slightly confused.

"You remember that you told me you were jealous of her?" he replied.

"Jealous," she repeated drearily. "Did I ever love you then? I have forgotten—my brain is dazed, dull. I seem to remember nothing clearly, except that you judged me guilty of murder. Did I love you?"

The wan face and dim eyes touched him inexpressibly.

"You have said so once, Hildred. I hope you will say the same again," he answered.

"Never, if you thought me guilty of murder," she said decisively. "My life has been a sore disappointment to me; it has been hard to bear; it has not had one gleam of light. But it is all over now. Now that you have accused me of murder, I have no further interest in it."

She looked so hopeless and so dreary that he was deeply pained. It struck him, too, that she looked terribly ill.

"Hildred," he said gently, "be merciful. I am much to blame; but you will surely pardon me."

He tried to touch her hands, but she drew them proudly away. She stood before him erect and defiant.

"I had my life given me to enjoy, as others had," she said. "I had the power of loving, the longing for happiness, as others had. What right had you to crush them? What right had you, because you wanted my money, to take my girlish heart and break it? What right had you to inflict all these years of shame and sorrow upon me? What have I ever done to you that you should repay me after this fashion?"

"Nothing," he answered. "I am guilty."

"When you thought I had tried to commit murder, you turned me from your doors; in the darkness of night, alone and unfriended, you bade me begone. Which kind of murder is worst—that which destroys a body, or that which slays heart, mind, brain, and hope? I say that, in this sense, you have slain me."

"Hildred, be merciful!" he cried.

"I will show you the same mercy that you have shown me. Go from my presence, and do not let me see you again."

"Do you mean that, Hildred?" he asked sadly.

"I do. You have disliked, despised, scorned me ever since we first met. Now that you have suspected me of a crime, you have reached the climax. We shall meet no more."

"You said that you loved me, Hildred," he pleaded.

"Did I?" she replied, with a harsh laugh. "Then I take back my words. I love you no more; you have been cruel to me—as cruel as the man who put out the bright eyes of a little bird that it may sing more sweetly. Let me pass; I have no more to say."

With shining eyes and a pale, passionate face she swept from the room, leaving the Earl overcome with astonishment.

"She is the most high-minded woman I ever met in my life," he thought. "I have been blind, indeed. How superb she looked in her indignation! I will win her yet. I have never cared about winning her before, but I swear to give my life to the task now."

It seemed probable that it would be a very long one, for Lady Caraven positively refused to see her husband again. In vain Arley Ransome pleaded for him; she was inexorable.

"Even a worm will turn when it is trodden upon," she said. "I have suffered my last indignity at his hands."

The Earl was compelled to return to Ravensmere, and he did so almost despairingly. Lady Hamilton was fast improving; she would be able to go to her own home soon, the doctor said, and all anxiety about her was at an end. The truth of the story had come to light; all the papers had it; every one knew that Lady Hamilton had been shot by mistake, and that it was the young Countess of Caraven whom John Blantyre had intended to kill.

The Earl confided the result of his mission to Sir Raoul, who was not much surprised.

"You have tried her beyond her strength," he said; "I should advise you, without loss of time, to return to London again."

Lord Caraven did so, but his journey was fruitless. Hildred refused to see him; to all entreaties from her father she answered simply:

"I have not one word to add to what I have said;" and with that answer the Earl was obliged to be content.

In sheer despair he sent for Sir Raoul, who, though almost unfit to travel, hastened to him; he besought him to use his influence with the beautiful young wife who had no pity for him. Then he grew wildly jealous at the idea that she would listen to Sir Raoul when she refused absolutely to listen to him.

"Why should you have more influence over her than I have?" he asked, half angrily.

"Because," said Sir Raoul, "I understand the higher, better, nobler part of her nature, as you, I fear, will never understand it. I will try what I can do."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FEMININITIES.

The oldest princess of Europe is Caroline of Denmark, aged eighty-four.

Eighteen hundred revolutionary ladies have recently been flogged in Russia.

The most selfish, offensive person in the world is a woman with an iron constitution, iron nerves and principles of steel. They are the dragons of society.

A young lady has compiled a list of her gentlemen acquaintances, and entered their names in a handsome parlor album. She playfully calls it her "him-book."

A New York belle of 24 has had 147 offers of marriage, and carries with her a list of the hapless swains. The list being nearly full, a supplement will be issued.

By the ancient law of Hungary a man convicted of bigamy was condemned to live with both wives in the same house; the crime was, in consequence, extremely rare.

"Woman," says a western female on the lecture platform, "wants bread, not the ballot." However, if she were really compelled to choose between the two she would probably take a new bonnet.

A gentleman in England committed suicide, the other day, and left a paper stating that he did so because his wife was a great deal too good for him. That's why the jury returned a verdict recording their opinion that the deceased "was of an unsound state of mind."

An Oshkosh, Wis., lady of color recently revenged herself on a procrastinating shoemaker with whom she had left a pair of shoes for repair, in a novel manner. After repeatedly calling for her bregans and being put off, she lit down on the unfortunate son of St. Crispin and smothered him with kisses, to the great amusement of his shopmates. The next call brought the shoes.

A young lady, in Nashville, remarked to a companion in a conversation, the other day, that she would never paint her cheeks again before attending a funeral. "Why not?" asked her friend. "Because," replied the young lady, "I was painted up when I attended a funeral last summer, and never wanted to cry so bad in my life, and was getting my handkerchief ready, when glancing round at Mrs. Maggs, I saw that coarse, yellow skin of hers through the tear-tracks, and it looked horrible. I never had such hard work to hold my tears in since I was born. I'm done painting for funerals."

Female education is more detrimental to health, and happiness than that of the male. Its grasp, its aim, is at accomplishments rather than acquirements—at gilding rather than gold—at such ornaments as may dazzle by their lustre, and consume themselves in a few years by the intensity of their own brightness, rather than those which radiates a steady light till the lamp of light is extinguished. They are most properly termed *accomplishments*, because they are designed to *accomplish* a certain object—matrimony. That end, or rather beginning, obtained, they are about as useful to their owner as the lease of a house after the term has expired.

Gigantic Earth-worm.—A gigantic earth-worm is said to exist in the highlands of the southern provinces, of Brazil. It is called the "minhocao," and is alleged to be 50 yards long and 6 yards broad, and to be covered with bones like a coat of armor. Wonderful stories are told about it. In boring through the earth it uproots huge trees, and forms large trenches which divert the courses of streams and turn dry land into a morass. Summing up the accounts given of this creature, the *Nature* says: "It appears conclusive that in the high district where the Uruguay and the Parana have their sources, excavations and long trenches are met with, which are undoubtedly the work of some living animal. Generally, if not always, they appear after continued rainy weather, and seem to start from marshes or river beds and to enter them again.

African Exploration.—The French Chamber of Deputies has appropriated $20,000 to enable the Abbe Debes to make a journey across Africa from Zanzibar to the Congo. As the Abbe has had great experience as a missionary, which will be of much service to him, it is not unlikely that he may prove a rival of Stanley and Livingston in African exploration.

The Earth's Population.—The population of the world is rapidly increasing. In 1876 the combined populations of every nation exceeded those of the previous year by about 27,000,000; and according to recent careful computations, the number of inhabitants is 1,423,917,000, or twenty-eight persons for every square mile.

DREAMS AND DREAMERS.

Several highly gifted men and women have had a certain faith in dreams. In one of his published letters, Charles Dickens relates a dream he had had, with a seriousness and circumstantiality which reveal plainly enough that, to him, it was no shadow of empty air. We read in Frederika Bremer's life that she fully believed she should die at a certain age, because she had once dreamt that a departed friend had come to her and told her that in a certain year she would be with him. She, however, outlived the date, and thereby perhaps was cured of her belief in dreams.

One of the strangest effects of dreams is, when, as we say or do something, we suddenly have a feeling that we have said or done it before. If we follow carefully back the train of ideas thus called up, we shall find that it originated in some dream that we had forgotten, till our present action or thought all at once called it up; but in our first bewilderment the sensation is for the moment singular and uncanny enough. We think that from this sort of feeling might first have arisen the creed of the transmigration of souls.

Healthy dreams are usually to be explained by looking back to the past. Dreams are very often an odd jumble of things we said, or did, or thought yesterday, and of things we said, or did, or thought long ago. It is this confusion which makes them sometimes at first seem so incomprehensible; but if we patiently trace out every feature in one vivid dream, we find almost to a certainty that it arises from events which have happened in our lives, perhaps at different times. The mind, in sleep, loses all sense of time, and embraces a whole existence at a glance.

In their dreams, all men and women are true, whatever else they may be when they are awake. Could we look into the dreams of the murderer, we should find beforehand the shadow of his crime. Could we look into the dreams of the silent worker for good, whose deeds of mercy are counted by angels alone of all created beings, we should see there, in its full brightness, the flame of his love to God and man. In her dreams, the daintily-dressed, softly-spoken lady of fashion is a strong-tongued virago. In her dreams, the demure, overworked governess is a romping schoolgirl. In her dreams, the man whose heart is not in the hair-cloth and the vows, is a radiant coquette. If we could meet one another in dreamland, we should be in a real palace of truth.

Some people are always seeing over and over again in their dreams a certain house, or a certain estate, or a certain landscape. They know every room in the house, even to the pictures on the wall; they could almost draw a map of the estate; the trees in the landscape are as familiar to them as the bushes in their garden, and yet they declare that they never beheld either house, or estate, or landscape with their waking eyes. This phenomenon seems certainly difficult to explain. We suspect, however, that it usually arises from a mass of indistinct, confused remembrances of scenes and places the dreamer has once beheld, perhaps in early childhood, but which in his waking moments he has entirely forgotten. We often, too, meet in our dreams people whom we cannot ever remember to have seen when awake. We believe that these mysterious dream acquaintances are, like the houses and the landscapes, made up of dim memories of the faces and figures of persons seen casually somewhere by the dreamer when awake. If our theory about this phenomenon in dreams is true, sleep must have the same power of bringing back lost colors to memory, that certain chemicals have of bringing back the colors of the Pompeiian frescoes.

When the mind is in a morbid state from disease or overwork, a dream will sometimes produce a most unpleasant feeling of vague discomfort, by first startling us from sleep, and making itself distinctly remembered; and then, as soon as slumber falls again upon the weary senses, flitting away, so that in the morning no trace of it can be recalled. All day the dream hovers about the sickly fancy—never far off, and yet never near enough to be taken hold of. It was surely some such feeling as this which, exaggerated by divine wrath of old, tormented the Babylonian king and doomed to death all the wise men except the chosen prophet of the Lord.

The dreams we remember are never dreamt when we are in our deepest sleep, but always a few minutes before we awake, so that outward things often have a considerable influence in producing them. A sudden rheumatic pain in any part of the body will cause a dream of being in prison, with a chain wound round the suffering limb. A loudly moaning wind will bring a dream of plaintive music, and the shaking of the bed by a heavy step in the next room, a dream about being in a boat.

An eminent physician, who was curious concerning dreams, once resolved to try by experiment how far external influences reach the mind in slumber. He put to sleep an old woman with a harmless narcotic, and then began to practice upon her. First he raised her hands and clasped them. At once the corners of her mouth were drawn down, her face was puckered up and she uttered a low groan; the old lady was evidently dreaming that she was in chapel. Next he laid her hands again on her lap, and gently pulled open her mouth; the lips immediately adapted themselves to a smile and the whole face grew bright and cheery. The old lady was certainly having now a funny dream. Last of all, he hummed loudly a merry tune close to her ear; the old lady's feet began to jig, and she woke talking about the fiddlers.

Animals dream as well as men. Watch a dog in his sleep; his paws twitch, and his mobile tail stirs gently. No doubt he is again welcoming home his master, and enjoying it quite as much as he did when he was awake. Before long he gives a muffled bark, or growl; now he is in fancy driving some intruder off his domain, or threatening the life of a phantom rabbit. Surely this capacity of dreaming shows more power of thought in animals than they are generally accredited with by man.

Notwithstanding all we have said to weaken faith in dreams, we have ourselves known a few instances in which a dream has seemed in truth a providential interposition. We will conclude this paper by relating two of them, which are facts:

One winter evening about fifty years ago, a post-chaise, with a single gentleman inside, drove up to the little inn on the Pentland Frith, in the north of Scotland, where passengers were going to cross to the Orkneys usually spent the night. The gentleman, whom we will call Mr. Mac T., was the owner of a large estate, and an old house which had belonged to his family for hundreds of years, in the Mainland, or chief of the Orkney Islands, and was now about to visit his property. It was a blustering, stormy day, but that only served to make more pleasant the cigar and the glass of whisky, and the crackling wood-fire by which Mac T. sat chatting with the landlord, who was an old friend of both his father and himself, and who was proud of entertaining the "young laird," as he called him, with his wildest tales of adventure on the sea. They did not, however, sit late, for the Orkney packet sailed very early in the morning, and Mac T. soon found himself in his cosy, well-appointed little bedroom. The wind was chanting a grand melody, and the sea was roaring a deep bass accompaniment. Mac T. loved these sounds, for they had often been the lullaby of his childhood, and he soon fell asleep.

For some hours he slept without an image or a thought reaching his mind; but at length when the morning was glimmering grey in the east, a strange dream came to trouble him. He dreamt that he was in the ancient banqueting hall of his old house, in the Mainland, sitting at the head of a very long table. The banqueting hall was now in reality almost a ruin, but in his dream, Mac T. saw it hung with tapestry, and blazing with a hundred lights. The table was well filled on both sides, and he thought he glanced curiously down its length to see who his guests were. As he looked he shuddered in his dream. Those who sat at the table with him were all his dead ancestors for many generations back. He knew their faces and dresses well from their portraits in the picture gallery. Next to him sat his own father, who had died about a year before. And at the bottom of the table sat a fair-haired man in a dress of skins, who was a Norse chieftain, the founder of the family. It seemed to him that he sat for some minutes as if spell-bound, while the spectres murmured together in low, hollow tones. At length they all arose, and slowly, one by one, in turns, left the hall. But before they went, each one paused at the door, and turning, raised his hand in a warning attitude, fixed his eyes on Mac T., and said, in a deep voice the word, "beware!"

"The packet starts in twenty minutes, sir!" cried a loud voice at the door, rousing Mac T. suddenly from sleep. Confused at first, yet soon remembering where he was, he sprang out of bed and began hurriedly to dress himself. Being a bad sailor, his first glance was naturally enough at the sea, close to which the inn stood. The wind had risen in the night. The waves thundered on the shore, and the little Orkney packet was tossing up and down like a limpet shell. As he gazed, his strange dream rose up with sudden distinctness before Mac T.'s mind. He was infected with a good deal of thorough Scotch superstition. Besides he did not much like the look of the sea, and so he resolved not to go till the next day. That day the Orkney packet was lost with every man on board, and Mac T., and his little wife, who was left at home with the babies, had to thank that warning dream for his life.

The other instance we have to tell is quite as singular. Many years ago the Rev. Mr. N. held a small living in the wildest part of West Somerset, Eng. The parish church stood on a bleak hillside, and Mr. N., who was a bachelor, lodged in the farm-house close to it. Among his small flock there was no one in whom the clergyman took more interest than in Mary, the pretty daughter of the farmer, his landlord. When Mary was about twenty, Mr. N. was much troubled by finding that she had formed an attachment with Jack Townsend, the cleverest workman and the most worthless fellow on the farm.

One autumn night the clergyman dreamt that Mary stood at his bedside and cried out in an imploring voice, "Come out on to the hill-side." The impression left on his mind on waking was so distinct that, if he had not known his door was locked, so that no one could enter the room, he would have thought Mary must in reality have been there. Feeling, however, sure it was only a dream, he composed himself once more to sleep. But scarcely had he closed his eyes when Mary was again there, calling to him to come out on to the hill-side. Seven several times he tried to sleep, and seven times the phantom came back, always with the same cry.

At length, mastered by an almost irresistible impulse, he rose, dressed himself, and went out on the hill. He walked some distance, but could see nothing except the heather-bells waving in the moonlight; could hear nothing but a distant sheep-bell tinkling softly, and the stream warbling below in the valley. He was just going back, when suddenly a shrill cry reached him, seeming to come from a neighboring combe. Hurrying in that direction, he saw at the bottom of the combe two figures, those of a man and a woman, apparently struggling with each other. As he drew near, the man ran away, and the woman fell to the ground. When he came up he found that it was Mary. She had only fainted, and he soon brought her to herself. Then, by degrees, she confessed that her lover had persuaded her to meet him that night in the combe, bringing with her a small sum of money which she had saved from early childhood by laying up little gifts of friends and relations, and which, according to the custom common among her class in that day, she had kept in an old stocking instead of in the bank. Townsend had promised to elope with her, and marry her; and as she loved him, and her father would not not allow the match, she had consented to go. But when he met her, Townsend, instead of going away with her, had tried to rob her of her money. She had resisted, and struggled with him, and just then the clergyman had come up and the villain had run away. After that night Mr. N. was a believer in the providential nature of dreams.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Pin Worms in Horses.—Give a tablespoonful of soda once a day for three days, then omit three days, and repeat until you have given him nine doses; give in wet feed.

Condition Powders.—One-fourth pound rosin, one-fourth pound saltpetre, one-fourth pound ginger, one-fourth pound sulphur, one peck hickory ashes. Give a handful every day.

Care of Poultry.—Dryness is one of the essential requirements in a poultry house. Exposure to damp, particularly at night, frequently produces attacks of the most fatal kind, in its severest stages, contagious disease termed roup.

Soil and Manure.—Most soils are improved by the application of suitable manure, but the kind required varies with the nature of the soil. Lime is a good manure for clayey soils, and gypsum for sandy ones, because the former retains, and the latter attracts moisture.

Setting Hens.—Good setters, among hens, seldom, or never, leave their nests more than once a day, provided they are well fed when they come off; while they seldom remain away longer than from a quarter to half an hour, rarely exceeding the latter period, unless food has not been supplied, and they have to forage for themselves.

Advantage of a Small Farm.—Small farms make near neighbors; they make good roads; they make plenty of good schools and churches; there is more money made in proportion to the labor; less labor is wanted; everything is kept neat; less wages have to be paid for help; less time is wasted; more is raised to the acre; besides, it is tilled better; there is no watching of hired help; the mind is not kept in a worry, stew and fret all the time.

Age of the Horse.—The average age of the horse, when allowed to live without the risk of accident or disease, which he incurs in his usual work, is about twenty-five years. Instances of greater longevity are recorded, on good authority, and there is reason to believe that occasionally he has reached thirty-five, or even forty years; but these are rare exceptions, and there are few which live beyond the twenty-eighth year, while a large proportion die before the twenty-fifth.

Nourishment in Feed.—If good English hay be taken as the standard of comparison, then to yield the same amount of nourishment as ten pounds of hay would require, of clover hay, eight to ten pounds; green clover, forty-five to fifty pounds; wheat straw, forty pounds; barley straw, twenty to forty pounds; oat straw, twenty to forty pounds; pea straw, ten to fifteen pounds; potatoes, twenty pounds; carrots, twenty-five to forty pounds; mangel-wurzel, thirty-five pounds; turnips, fifty pounds; cabbage, twenty to thirty pounds; peas and beans, three to five pounds; wheat, five to six pounds; barley, five to six pounds; oats, four to seven pounds; Indian corn, four to five pounds, and oil-cake, two to four pounds. Of course these are approximate results, which various conditions control to a greater or less extent.

Butter Protection.—Butter is a substance extremely sensitive to surrounding influences, and any odors in the vicinity where it is stored are rapidly absorbed, even if it is in a closed firkin. Great complaint is often made by the purchasers of gilt-edged butter professed from the famous dairies in the vicinity of Boston, that the enormously high-priced article is soon spoiled after delivery to the customer. And no wonder! It is often placed in an unclean ice-chests along with cooked or uncooked fish, or meats, and other odorous bodies, and it soon smells and tastes like the unsavory substances with which it is associated. If not placed in the ice-chest, it is often put into the cellar with decomposing vegetables or meats, and hence the delicate taste and oder are soon changed.

Shipwrecked Canaries.

BY JULIA R. TORREY.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Willie, which, with a little ripple of mirth from Eddie formed a pleasant duet, to the music of which, Willie's Sunday suit walked into the store, and up to the counter.

"At your service, you most distinguished looking sir," remarked Willie, as the "young gentleman" let his eyes run over the counter, up on the shelves, then down towards the thrifty young shopman.

"Aw! I see," drawled he, "a sweet tooth manufactwah. You may put me up a twiffle, aw! of all the sweets you have displayed, aw! And if you can drop in such a thing as a nice sweet heart, aw!—with a Kiss dwopped on it,—all sugar—aw! then I can drop it into my sweetheart's mouth, aw!"

Willie, almost convulsed with laughter, held up a sugar heart, in the centre of which was printed the word "kiss," in red letters.

"That will do, aw!" approvingly spoke the gentleman. "Now I would like one of those lighted cigaws, aw! Saves a fellah, so much bother—no ignition to be twoubled with, aw!"

Daintily picking up his bundles, and dropping, in payment, real pennies, on the counter, he jauntily sauntered out, puffing away at his cigar, in a very nice way.

"I'd have given a big marble," exclaimed Willie, "to have Hattie"—his big sister—"and that chap that 'aws!' around her so, seen the gentleman that's just left. Why! he couldn't have done the thing better himself. I wonder how long the chicken's going to keep this up—changing feathers all the time!

"I say, Eddie! you run and get the hammer, and we'll crack a few of the Englishers, before another customer has time to come."

Eddie trotted out, and soon returned with the hammer. Then Willie, as he had often seen his uncle Charlie do, pressed the open blade of his jack knife against the "seams" in the nuts, and then with a sharp click of the hammer the nuts flew open.

As Willie cracked, Eddie put the nicely opened nuts up on the counter, and handed down the whole ones that Willie was waiting to "knock on the head" and "make two's of," as Eddie called the halving.

"We'll have to charge more for these" said Willie; "say, a cent a crack, and a cent a nut, 'cause they trouble us some, you know. There! Those are done, now! let's smash up the hickories."

It did not take many minutes to complete the "smashing," and the boys were busy cleaning up the splinters of shells just as Ella was in the act of kissing grandma, for helping her turn into so many folks, and back into Ella, again; for she had now stepped into her girlhood once more, and was turning to leave the room, on her last shopping expedition, when her grandma said:

"Well, my pet! which one would you rather be—the old lady—like me, the Topsy—like cook's little girl in the kitchen—the young gentleman, like Hattie's as you called him, or your own little self?"

"The old lady wasn't a bit like you, grandma. She was all humped up in her body, and in her heart too, I guess, for she scolded awful, while you are so straight—all through—that nobody that comes near you can hit against a lump. I'd like to be like you, dear grandma, but then I wasn't made a grandma, but a little girl, and I don't see," with a roguish look, "how I could be made over into a grandma. I'd have to be pulled out so long, and kinkled up so, that I'd be afraid the stuff would give out before I was finished. Oh! but those boys will expect to see something wonderful, if I don't hurry back, so—"

Leaving the sentence to get choked in the doorway, she hastened back to the store.

"Well! is it you at last?" exclaimed Willie, while Eddie ran forward, and putting his arms around her, cried out: "Me's so dad! me's so dad, ou's tummed."

"Why, Eddie, little darling! You knew 'twas me, every time before, didn't you?"

"Es,—but—but it wasn't all 'ou—'ou hidded."

Giving him a hug and a kiss, Ella said:

"As neither of you treat me as if I was a customer, I'm going to eat your store up, to pay for it."

"You'll need some help," said Willie, "so Eddie and I will stick our fingers in, and pull out a gum, and say: 'what a brave boy am I!'"

"Very well," replied Ella, "I guess I'll let you help. Oh!" pulling out a nut from its shell bed, and putting it in her mouth, "these nuts are ever so good. They're cracked so nice, too."

It did not take those active little mouths very long to make way with a large part of the "stock."

Suddenly Ella exclaimed: "What a shame! Here we've been eating, and eating, and stuffing away, and never thought of poor Evelina. Let's ring, and let her have the rest!"

"Well!" replied Willie, "as I've had all I want, and haven't room for any more I'd just as soon some other fellow would pick up these passengers," pointing to the good things around, as he spoke.

"Has Eddie had enough?" asked Ella.

"Es, but me wants dese sells; dey's pitty 'ittle sips."

"So they are!" said Ella, "and we'll have a fine time floating them; but first I'll ring the bell," doing so as she spoke, "and Evelina can take the rest of these away."

A moment after, the door opened, and in shambled a little darkey about Ella's size.

"Evelina, you may clear those things away," said Ella, "and the nuts, cakes, and candies, are for you."

"Oh golly! dank yer, miss," grinned Evelina. Then while shooting a candy into her mouth, and rolling it around, she sent out a jolly: "Ky! ky!" flung her arms about, and danced around so like the performances that Ella had, a short time before gone through with, that it seemed as if this was a shadow thrown by Ella, when she played being a darkey girl.

Ella looked and smiled to herself, wondering if the two would have looked like twins, if they had been "working" at the same time.

After Evelina, with a grinning face of delight, had left the room, Eddie, holding his dress up full of ships, ran up to Ella, and eagerly questioned:

"Sall we sail 'em now?"

"Yes," answered Ella. "Let's go in the bath room and fill the tub for our ocean, and then we can have just the grandest time that ever was, in sailing our ships."

They all rushed there together, stopped up the "leak," as Eddie called the waste pipe hole, turned on the spigot, and played that they were at Niagara Falls, until the water got so high in the tub that it didn't do much falling and splashing, but in a quiet, noiseless way soon brought the water very near the edge of the tub, and as Willie turned off the spigot Eddie cried out:

"Our ocean's done!"

The next instant the little ocean seemed alive with ships.

The children splashed their hands around in the water to make the big waves come, and were enjoying themselves immensely, when suddenly Eddie looked up at Willie and, in tones of dire distress, exclaimed:

"Dey's don off and fordot to 'top for passenders!"

"Well, I'm sure I don't know where to find passengers small enough to embark in these ships," answered Willie, "unless we invite Ella's paper dolls to take a trip. What do you say, Ella?"

"I say no," was her emphatic reply. "The dear little things would get soaked through to their skins, and catch a dreadful cold. The combustion of the lungs would set in and——"

Here she was interrupted by Willie, who was holding his sides and roaring.

"'Combustion of the lungs!'" at last he succeeded in saying. "Why, Ella, if that should happen the lungs would fly all to pieces, like an exploded lamp. You mean congestion."

"So I do," with a meek little laugh, responded Ella.

Eddie still kept tugging, now at Willie, then at Ella, for "passenders."

"You go find something, Eddie," said Ella; "something small enough to take a seat, almost any little thing will do. No, we'll all go," she continued, "and see which will find the first passenger."

"It will be like playing 'hunt the slipper,' with no one to tell us when we are 'hot' or 'cold,'" declared Willie.

They all scampered around the sitting-room, peeping into drawers and little boxes; but everything they found insisted on being too big, until at last an exultant shout came from Ella.

"I've found a passenger! I might have known 'twould have been me, for girls are always smarter than boys," holding up as she spoke her mamma's gold thimble, and adding: "It's worth enough to pay its way, too."

Expecting Eddie to be delighted with her success, Ella was rather surprised to find that he was paying no attention to her, but instead was clapping his little hands together, dancing up and down on his wee feet, and looking intently up at the bird cage, exclaiming in a triumphant little voice:

"De birdies! de birdies! de birdies! me wants de 'ittle birdies for passenders!"

Now Mr. and Mrs. Canary, whose home was so pleasantly situated up among the hanging baskets and bright green vines, had a week before been made very happy by the opening of five little eggs, from which close quarters five little sons and daughters had pecked their way out, and were now stretching their little necks around in the warm, cosy nest, that their thoughtful parents—having heard a whisper of their coming—had built for them.

Little did Mr. and Mrs. Canary dream that their birdlings would soon leave that nest, not by flap of wing, but by the touch of a soft, small hand of mortal. Such thoughts did not weave themselves in among the many aspirations that got woven together in the building of their nest.

When Mr. Canary looked down and saw the bright face looking up, he did not suspect the doom that was thickening and blackening over his young family. He saw too, that the rest of the children had joined the first, and he felt, while a fatherly pride thrilled his feathery breast, that they were admiring his little ones; so he looked down at them, as much as to say:

"Yes, you may look! Don't you wish you were the father that I am?"

But oh, if he could have understood what was being said, his poor little heart would have fluttered right out of his throat and would have lain bleeding at the door of his cage, so that the children would have drawn back in pity.

But the father-bird did not comprehend; so the little heart beat in its usual placid way, while the children were talking a moment before deciding to borrow the birdies.

Willie was speaking and this is what he said:

"I don't know about taking such young passengers, they might get sea-sick; but then, as the ocean is calm now, if we put them in ever so gently, I guess they will rather enjoy it, and come home feeling gay. What do you think, Ella?"

"I think, perhaps, it would make them open their eyes a little," replied she. "I'm tired of seeing them always shut up so tight. They're babies, too, and it is a shame,"—with indignation—"that they can't get one rock-a-by baby before they're grown-up birds; I don't believe we'll ever have such a good chance to amuse them again. Do take them down, Willie! Oh, don't you remember," she ran on excitedly, "how mamma used to sing to Eddie:

'What does little birdie say,
In his nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away!'

and I think that's what these birdies peep out, when their mother fastens them in the nest with her wings. So, brother, do take them down."

"Well, I will," answered Willie, who was glad to have Ella's consent, "but the moment they begin to roll their skinned eyes around in a sickish fashion, we must hurry them back to their nest."

"Of course," consented Ella.

Willie then jumped up in a chair, took down the bird cage, and they all almost flew into the bath-room with their prize.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RAILWAY travelers will welcome the announcement of the invention of a new lamp by which the finest type may be read. It is in use in Germany, Holland and Belgium. American railway car lamps smoke, and poison the air, and are dim.

SUNDAY ends in San Francisco at 12 m. The law permits all public amusements there Sunday afternoons, and the 'Frisco people call Sunday evening sermons lectures.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

THE world is a great book, of which they that stay at home read only a page.

HE who surpasses or subdues mankind must look down on the hate of those below.

LIFE becomes useless and insipid when we have no longer either friends or enemies.

DIGNITY is expensive, and without other good qualities is not particularly profitable.

WE must never remember the benefits we have conferred, nor forget the favors received.

AN able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; his is neither hot nor timid.

CITIES force growth, and make men talkative and entertaining, but they also make them artificial.

YOU had better learn to conquer your own will than strive to obtain the mastery of that of others.

FRIENDSHIP is the medicine for all misfortunes, but ingratitude dries up the fountain of all goodness.

MAKE no more vows to perform this or that; it shows no great strength, and makes thee ride behind thyself.

WE every day sacrifice principles which we esteem through fear of being blamed by people whom we despise.

MAN wastes his mornings in anticipating his afternoons, and wastes his afternoons in regretting his mornings.

NEVER plead guilty to poverty. So far as this world is concerned, you might better admit that you are a villain.

ZEALOUS men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are showing you the grounds of it.

IT is curious that some learned dunces, because they can write nonsense in dead languages, think themselves better than men who can talk sense in living ones.

IT is the vice of the unlearned to suppose that the knowledge of books is of no account, and the vice of scholars to think there is no other knowledge worth having.

WHEN the idea of pleasure strikes your imagination, make just computation between the duration of the pleasure and that of the repentance that is likely to follow.

AFFECTION, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last; and the heart which seeks but for another heart to make it happy will never seek in vain.

THE better the day, the better the deed,' is a bad proverb as it runs; but read backwards, as wizards undo a charm, and it is a capital saying—the better the deed the better the day.

THE pleasures of this world are deceitful; they promise more than they give. They trouble us in seeking them, they do not satisfy us when possessing them, and they make us despair in losing them.

OATHS are vulgar, senseless, offensive, impious; they leave a noisome trial upon the lip, and a stamp of odium upon the soul. They are inexcusable. They gratify no sense, while they outrage taste and dignity.

ONE HUNDRED GUILDERS FOR A SINGLE HAIR.

Were we to confine our columns to a faithful record of contemporary history, we should often rival in vividness and interest the facile pen of the novelist. We are apt to pass by unheeded the every-day events which occur about us, and to soar in the region of fancy for those melodramatic tableaux after which the imagination craves as a captivating mental stimulus. The wonder-world in which childhood lives is an evidence of this, while embellished truths are the illumined alphabet of larger children. Current facts alone are quite sufficient to intoxicate the imagination, though, as Hazlitt tell us, "man is a poetical animal, and delights in fiction."

The Viennese women are universally pretty; but their greatest loveliness, imparted by the lavish hand of nature, is hair so profuse and beautiful as to be the marvel of foreigners who first enter this northern Paris. A few years since, a young girl of fifteen and a-half, poorly clad, but of a sweet and lovely expression of form and features, entered a barber's shop in the Friedrich Strasse, at Vienna, and told the proprietor that she wanted to sell her head of hair. The barber examined her singular long and glossy chestnut locks, reaching far below her waist, while his experienced eye sparkled at its luxuriant beauty, and told her he could give her but eight guilders—no more. The price of hair had fallen, and it was less in demand.

The beautiful child begged for a small advance upon the sum while her eyes filled with tears. But the barber was immoveable. "Eight guilders, and no more," he replied. "In Heaven's name," she gasped, "take it then, quickly!" The barber, well satisfied with his extraordinary bargain, procured his largest shears, seated the young girl in a chair, and was just about to sever those marvellous braids of chestnut hue, when a young gentleman, who sat waiting to have his hair dressed, exclaimed, suddenly, "Hold! My child, come here! Why do you want to sell your beautiful hair?" The tear-believed but lovely face was turned inquiringly upon the speaker, as she replied, "My mother has been ill these many months. I cannot work enough to support her. Everything has been sold, and there is not a penny in the house!"

"I will buy your hair, my sweet child," said the stranger, kindly; "and I will give you a hundred guilders for it." He handed the young girl a note for the sum, as he spoke, and which quickly dried her eyes; it would purchase so much for her sick mother! "Give me your shears, barber," said the gentleman, as the pretty Viennese approached his side, and stood quietly for him to denude her head of its artistic glory. He took the chestnut locks in his hand, and for a moment examined their soft richness of texture and shifting beauty of color, then selected the longest hair, cut it off and put it carefully into his pocket-book! "That is all that I shall take, my child. Now give me your address," he said; "I may, perhaps, want to purchase another hair."

She gave the street and number to him, while her face was suffused with both blushes and tears. This was in the early spring of '74. The year had not long expired, and we have the *denouement* of this most pleasing and veritable drama. The gentleman was one of the many *attaches* of a foreign embassy in the Austrian capital. He *did* want to purchase another of those hairs! And now the little Viennese is just sixteen and a bride!

A DRAGOS in Newburg, N. Y., was recently praying, when his elbows and head went through the bottom of the chair, and he was extricated with some difficulty.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

NICOTIA.—Nicotia, the active principle of tobacco, is one of the best antidotes to strychnia.

GOLD SOLDER.—Soft gold solder is composed of four parts gold, one of silver and one of copper. It can be made softer by adding brass, but the solder becomes more liable to oxydize.

RINGWORM PREVENTIVE.—Tilbury Fox, the English dermatologist, recommends, in the February number of the London *Lancet*, the use of hair-oils or pomades to prevent the catching of ringworm of the head when this affection is prevailing in a family or school.

TO DESTROY PAINT.—To destroy paint, mix one part, by weight, of pearlash with three parts of quick stone lime, by slaking the lime in water and then adding the pearlash, making the mixture about the consistence of paint. Lay the above over the whole of the work required to be cleaned, with an old brush; let it remain fourteen to sixteen hours, when the paint can be easily scraped off.

NEUTRALIZING POISON.—A poison of any conceivable description and degree of potency, which has been intentionally or accidentally swallowed, may, it is said, be rendered almost instantly harmless by simply swallowing two gills of sweet oil. A person with a very strong constitution should take nearly twice the quantity. This oil, it is alleged, will most positively neutralize every form of vegetable, animal, or mineral poison with which physicians and chemists are acquainted.

SUN FORMATION.—Dr. James Croll, in answer to some criticism on his paper regarding the sun and its heat, says that as the formation of a sun is an event which, on an average, could only be witnessed once in 15,000 years, the absence of any historical notice is easily accounted for. It does not follow that the two bodies coming into collision should possess equal mass or velocity to convert their motion of translation into heat.

CHEAP PENCIL ERASER.—Caoutchouc is dissolved in bisulphide of carbon; the solution is intimately mixed with enough starch flour to form a dough, and the mass exposed in suitable pieces to the air, until all odor of the bisulphide has disappeared. The product is said to be an excellent eraser for pencil marks on paper. If, in addition to starch flour, finely powdered pumice stone be added to the mass, it will be suitable for erasing ink-marks or writing from paper.

STEAM AND WATER.—As regards the relative cheapness of steam and water, an engineer writes that, since the steam engine has been brought to the degree of perfection in simplicity, efficiency, economy, and reliability as we now have it, and as there are few locations in the thickly settled portions of our country where fuel cannot be procured at a moderate price, steam is preferable to water power. This is particularly the case where the water power is unfavorably located, and when the trouble incident to droughts, floods, etc., is taken into account.

SIMPLE BAROMETER.—Take a common wide-mouthed bottle, such as are used for pickles; fill it to within a few inches of the top with water. Then take a common long-necked flask and plunge the neck of it into the pickle bottle as far as it will go, and the barometer is made. In fine weather the water will rise into the neck of the flask, even higher than the pickle bottle. In wet and windy weather it falls to within an inch of the mouth of the flask. Before a heavy gale of wind the water has been seen to leave the flask altogether, at least eight hours before the gale came to its height. This is the same principle as that of the mercury barometer.

COLOR BLINDNESS. — Dr. Young, adopting apparently the notion of Darwin, that the retina is active, not passive, in vision, regarded it as the simplest explanation of this defect to suppose that those fibers of the retina which are calculated to perceive the wanting color are absent or paralyzed. The followers of Gall and Spurzheim maintain that the faculty of distinguishing colors does not depend on the eye, but on a particular part of the brain, to which they give the name of the organ of color, and that the defect lies in this organ and not in the eye. On whatever cause a partial or complete insensibility to color depends, it is a state of vision for which there seems to be slight means of cure.

IMITATION EBONY.—The following recipe, which we take from the *Revue Industrielle*, will answer numerous correspondents who inquired how to turn oak black so as to cause it to resemble ebony. The wood is immersed for forty-eight hours in a hot saturated solution of alum, and then brushed over several times with a logwood decoction prepared as follows: Boil 1 part of best logwood with 10 parts of water, filter through linen, and evaporate at a gentle heat until the volume is reduced one-half. To every quart of this add from 10 to 15 drops of a saturated solution of indigo, completely neutral. After applying this dye to the wood, rub the latter with a saturated and filtered solution of verdegris in hot concentrated acetic acid, and repeat the operation until a black of the desired intensity is obtained. Oak thus stained is said to be a close as well as handsome imitation of ebony.

MR. ROSS, father of the lost boy Charley Ross, in his Boston lecture, said he imagines he hears now and then a little voice in the darkness crying: "This way, papa; here I am;" but when he goes in the direction of the sound he finds that it is only the voice of his own hopes and the whispering of his own heart.

FORTUNE is true to-day and false to-morrow.

BY praise we strengthen, by flattery we weaken.

Incurring a Tremendous Risk.

They incur a tremendous risk who sojourn or emigrate to reside in districts where malarial disease is prevalent without medicinal means of fortifying their systems against the periodical scourge. The danger to bilious subjects, and to those who lack bodily stamina, is particularly serious. A preventive and curative agent of known anti-malarial efficacy should be frequently used and constantly kept at hand by such persons; and on none can they rely with such certainty of protection and aid as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This grand specific roots out every vestige of the malarial poison from the system, and endows it with an amount of vital activity and repelling power that nullifies the influence of miasma. It also prevents and remedies disorders of the stomach, bowels and liver, which are particularly prevalent in malarious regions, and is an incomparable general invigorant.

GIVEN AWAY.—A superb pair of 4x8 chromos worthy to frame and adorn any home, and 3 three months's subscription to Leisure Hours, a charming 16 page literary paper, full of the choicest stories, poetry, etc., sent free to all sending fifteen cents (stamps taken) to pay postage. The publishers, J. L. Patten & Co., 240 W. Union Street, N. Y., guarantee every one double value of money sent. $500 in prizes and big pay given to agents. Write at once.

Piano Playing Learnt in a Day.

Strange as it may seem, it is true. The wonderful machine called Mason's Chart pushes one who knows nothing of music to play in a day. Music Teachers themselves acknowledge it to be the greatest invention of the 19th century.

WILSON'S COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.—The friends of persons who have been restored from confirmed consumption by the use of this original preparation, and the grateful parties themselves have by recommending it and acknowledging its wonderful efficacy, given the article a vast popularity in New England. The Cod Liver Oil is in this combination robbed of its unpleasant taste, and is rendered doubly effective in being coupled with the lime, which is itself a restorative principle, supplying nature with just the agent and assistance required to heal and reform the diseased lungs. A. H. Wilson, Boston, is the proprietor. Sold by all druggists.

WE take pleasure in calling attention to the seeds advertised in another column by W. W. Rudd, Rochester, N. Y. We have received samples and find them most satisfactory. Give them a trial.

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SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

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In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflamation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloureux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or with Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

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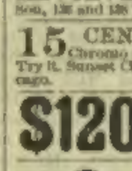

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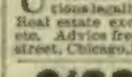

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SPRING.

BY JAMES HUNTER MCCULLOCH.

Spring beauties group'd 'neath budding trees;
The Bloodroots and Anemones;
The gentle rain—the warm south breeze—
Proclaim that Spring has come!

Now April sits enthron'd as King;
Before him come the flowers of Spring,
And fragrance and beauty bring
As tribute to their King!

The Violet, half-filled with dew;
The Buttercup; the meadow Rue;
The flowers of gold—pink, purple, blue,
Upon a ground of green.

For May is crown'd as Queen to-day,
Her flowery rule Spring must obey;
The Bluebird, the Thrush, the Jay
Now greet with songs their Queen!

PHANTOMS,
OR A NIGHT MYSTERY.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

XIII.

This new comer had the effect of causing Snapfelder to dart from the room ahead of the others, whether from an impulse of curiosity or of cowardice it would be perhaps impossible to conjecture.

Roop and Henry were not long following him, but Miranda did not seem to be either curious or agitated in the least. She had grown so used to alarms of this sort. She merely kept her place by the side of the now utterly terrified servant, and now endeavored to reassure her.

After rushing through the dark entry the party, emerging from the front door into the street, were somewhat surprised to find that quite a crowd had collected outside in the street.

There were men with lanterns and many policemen.

They all appeared to be extremely agitated, and were all directing their gaze towards the fourth-story window of the Clayborne mansion.

"It's going to jump!" screamed a voice, "and it'll dash itself to pieces whatever it is. But what's that?"

A bulky mass now appeared moving at the window, and some object dimly discerned seemed to be in the act of making a leap into the street.

An instant afterwards a yell went up from the crowd that froze the blood, as the figure dropped from the window and came to the pavement with a sickening thud.

A rush was instantly made for the spot. The light of half a dozen lanterns revealed a strange mass upon the now frozen snow on the pavement.

There lay a huge feather mattress and upon it a figure seemingly dead.

"What is it? What is it!" cried Henry, intensely agitated, as he gazed on the prone form beneath him.

Snapfelder cried from the pressing crowd around the figure:

"Hang me if it hain't dropped down feather bed and all from the window! It's a girl! No, no; it's a boy!"

Henry, of a sudden, caught sight of the face of the figure, and he started back in half terror and amazement.

The face that he saw was the same that had haunted him.

IT WAS THE IMP!

It was the haunting ghoul that had wrought such a spell of terror in the house!

What was he? Who was he?

It was evident that the creature driven from room to room, hiding here and there and everywhere, in closet and cupboard, in nook and corner, had been beat from his retreat and in sheer desperation he had run into the fourth story front room and attempted to leap from the window, but the height dismayed him; then he bethought himself of the expedient of grasping in his arms a monstrous weight of feather bolster from the bed, with the design to break the fall with it. Then he stood on the sill to make the fearful jump, but it must have been that his courage ebbed, and that he became aware of the fact that he was hemmed in flank and rear by a relentless enemy. The shouting and clamor of the crowd below and the glare of the lanterns now maddened him; he attempted to risk a retreat by the way he came, but in the act of retracing his steps his foot slipped upon the gilt window sill and he fell.

He had not dropped of his own will.

Fate pushed him into the hand of the destroyer.

Henry pressed forward to scrutinize the victim.

He was a poor deformed creature, hump-backed and dwarfed, with great shaggy masses of yellow hair falling over his face, a face horrible to look at, in the light of the lantern, a face smudged with black and dust, and spotted with blood from a ghastly cut in the forehead. He was evidently a mere boy, though his face was so disfigured with dirt and blood as hardly to be human in character. He was dressed in a ragged pair of pantaloons, and around his shoulders was a torn waterproof cloak, such as is usually worn by women.

Was it possible that this poor creature was the author of all the woe and misery of the night?

What dark errand had led him into this peaceful house on such a wierd night?

The mystery, apparently revealed, was deeper and darker than ever.

Roop confessed that this was indeed the face of which he had caught a glimpse. His was the hand that threw the pillow and extinguished the light, and led the whole party upon such a wretched *ignis fatuus* meandering.

The boy was evidently suffering much pain.

Henry spoke to him:

"What is your name? Can you tell me that?"

The boy looked up at him wistfully and frightfully, and moaned feebly a reply that could not be understood.

Henry was not lost to all sentiment of humanity, neither was Snapfelder. These two pushing aside the others knelt down beside the suffering and shivering figure and examined him compassionately.

"Come, now, don't be afraid," said Henry to him. "We won't hurt you. You must tell us all, or else those officers will take you with them. Tell us all now. How came you up in that room?"

"He's a dashed thief," cried Roop, "and he hain't hurt no more than a cat! Who ever seed a cat or a boy hurt, hey? I'll have him in the station house in another minute! Let's hold of him!"

The watchman and Snapfelder seized the boy rather roughly, when their apparent victim suddenly made a spring and flashed a long knife in the direction of the policeman's nose.

A cry went up from the crowd at this. Mercy was lost sight of, and half a dozen policemen made a simultaneous rush for the unfortunate, each eager for the honor of bearing him to the limbo of loafers at once.

The knife was snatched from the boy's hand, and he was roughly dragged for a few steps, when Henry interposed, saying:

"Stop this! Let the boy alone. I wish to ask him some questions."

The policemen who had the poor creature in charge at once stopped, and one of them said:

"Well, mister, ask away. But we can't wait all night. We havn't been spying around here all this time to be cheated out of our game like that. Not much."

"Look here," said Henry, approaching the boy and speaking with less kindness than before, "I asked you how you came into the house; now if you tell me all about it, you shan't suffer; if you don't tell me, I'll have you punished. Who let you in? Come now, speak up!"

The boy was doggedly silent.

"Haste him a good kick, and he'll blab soon enough," said a policeman, about to suit the action to the word.

A warning wave of Henry's raised arm caused him to abandon this wanton purpose.

"Won't you tell me how you got in?" persisted Henry.

The boy looked up into Henry's face and gave a low chuckling laugh, then he extended his arm and pointed his finger down the street.

"What do you mean?" demanded Henry, looking in the direction in which the boy pointed. "What is there? Who is there, say?"

The imp muttered something in a cracked voice.

"I can't hear you! Speak up!" said Henry.

The reply of the boy was now distinct in tone, but strangely unintelligible in meaning to the hearers. It was only two words.

"Greasy dad."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Snapfelder, "that's good."

"Greasy dad! What's that bub, say?"

"What do you mean?" queried Henry.

"Who is Greasy dad?"

"Dad!" replied the boy.

"Dad! Your father?"

The boy nodded.

"Take him back to the mattress," cried Henry peremptorily to the policemen who had the boy in charge, for he saw that the miserable little wretch's face was growing contorted with some terrible pain, and his knees were sinking beneath him.

The police officers saw that the boy was not able to stand. In the excitement of the moment they had not imagined that he might have been internally injured by his fearful fall, no matter how it had been broken by this mass of feather bed. Then, too, seeing the young rascal draw a knife and give way to laughter, dissipated all fears on the score of his injuries for the moment, and they only thought of him as a possible victim.

When they had put the boy back on the bed, Henry asked him:

"What is your name?"

The boy replied feebly:

"He calls me 'Devil!'"

"Who calls you? Your father?"

"Dad—Greasy Dad!"

"Did Greasy Dad, as you call him, have anything to do with your being in the house?"

The boy made a feeble nod.

"Was he in the house?" demanded Henry.

Another nod.

"Dash me!" cried Roop, who had been listening attentively to this examination. "What a dashed liar! Didn't I go all over the house. What a dashed liar!"

"Never mind," cried Henry to the watchman. "We must find out everything, even if I have to spend all the night and all the day in asking conundrums. Come, boy, where was this Greasy dad?"

There was no reply to this, for at this moment a most natural yet most dreadful event occurred. It frequently happens that the human machinery may continue to move automatically after a severe disorganization, and perform its wonted action with apparent harmony, and then suddenly, to the surprise of the bystanders, come to a dead stop. There have been cases in dreadful accidents, such as explosions, where men have been tossed high in the air, or scalded to the bone with steam, that such victims have continued their usual functions of breathing, moving, even talking, for perhaps many minutes after the accident, and to all appearances they seem uninjured. Now the boy, when he fell from the fourth story window, was naturally supposed, notwithstanding the fact that he was shielded by a large bed, to have at least broken some bones. But examination failed to discover that he was in the least injured, that is to all external appearance. He was supposed to have been miraculously possessed of extra elastic ligamenta, to have averted such a danger. But the plain scientific fact was that the shock had taken effect internally. They spoke to him, but he answered not. They moved him; he made no answering motion. He was dead!

"It beats all," cried Snapfelder.

"We were just on the point of getting something out of him when he goes back on us. Just like him. Sneaks about the house in the dark and beats us, and now beats us dead by going dead himself. He's another fraud!"

"I cannot understand the terrible events of this night," said Henry, contemplating the body with an expression of pity. "How in the name of sense, gentlemen," he cried, "did this boy get in the house? And why didn't you find him? Who or what is this Greasy dad he spoke of? Do any of you know?"

"No, I don't," cried Snapfelder, "but there's been some carryings on here outside just a little while ago, they tell me. Nosey Taylor's shot. He grabbed a fellow getting over a fence, and Teeth—Tinkle's dog—held the fellow, and Tinkle and Buller grabbed him and took him up the street. Maybe that's him. But as Nosey grabbed him the fellow fired and hit Nosey in the leg, and he limps ready to make you die a laffin, they tell me."

"Oh! you ought to see Nosey!" cried another policeman. "He's not hurt much, but he's de'ilish mad."

"So, so!" cried Henry, "there has been an arrest, has there? A man has been caught, eh!"

"Yes, sir," replied a policeman. "And he has been taken to the station house. Possibly he may throw all the light on the mystery of that dead body which we found in the pantry."

"Oh! yes," cried a voice. "This chap was draggin' a corpse across the lot, when Teeth went for him."

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed Henry, with an expression of intense, almost maniacal excitement. "Dragging a corpse, eh? A corpse! My God, all will yet be revealed!"

"What's goin' to be done with this here body?" queried a watchman.

"Take it into the house here," suggested Snapfelder.

"No, no!" replied Henry. "We can't have any more terrors in the house. Remember there are ladies here who are nearly dead with these alarms. Take it over to the station house, or let it lay till we hear further. You say Mr. Tinkle took his prisoner to the station house."

"Yes, sir," answered a policeman.

"Then in that case," said Henry, "we had better wait till he reports. Where is the corpse the prisoner was found dragging away?"

"Yonder," replied the policeman: "down on the lot yonder."

"Well," exclaimed Henry, "I will go in and report that all is right, and tell the ladies what has happened, and then I will accompany one of you gentlemen to the station house and hear all the history of this mystery. While I am gone let a force of you go over the house again. I will be here in a minute."

So saying, Henry went into the house and met Miranda at the parlor door, who exclaimed:

"Some new trouble, I suppose. I have been dreading it. I dared not venture to see. What is it?"

"I will tell you," replied Henry.

They entered the parlor together.

Miranda said to him as he went in:

"We have been happy here, look."

Kate was still there, but Henry saw that Louis had awakened, and lo! sitting beside him on the lounge was no less a personage than Esther.

"You here, dear sis; awake too! How glad I am! Well, Lou, how do you feel now, old boy?"

Henry kissed his sister and took Louis' hand.

"I haven't a moment to stay. I have only a moment to tell you all. Know then, that an arrest has been made which will undoubtedly lead us on the track of the mystery!"

"Thank God!" ejaculated Miranda; while both Louis and Esther echoed, "An arrest!"

"Yes," answered Henry. "I will tell you all in a short time. I am now going over to the station house to learn particulars."

He thought it best just then not to mention a word about the boy.

But then it happened that a noise of approaching feet in the entry, and voices, attracted the attention of the little company in the parlor, and immediately after Tinkle, Roop and Snapfelder, followed by quite a crowd of policemen and neighbors, entered the room.

"Mr. Tinkle," cried Henry excitedly, "have you found out everything?"

"I guess so, sir. I know all now. That dead boy out there——"

Henry interrupted him with a gesture.

It was too late, however, for that expression had taught Miranda all. She interposed:

"A dead boy! Where, in the name of all the saints in Heaven!"

Henry divined her purpose and now thought everything had best be revealed, so he made no further opposition to the policeman's narrative.

"I'll tell you all," said Tinkle. "You see, after I leaves you—when you sees that there thing in the pantry—I am so skeered like that I runs out to the front door, and I no sooner gets there than Teeth gives a most de'ilish bark and bounds down the street like forty. So I runs after him till I gets to the lot what is at the west of the garden, and I sees a man sneaking along slowly—slowly along. I gives a whistle and Nosey Taylor he answers it. I runs down the back street and comes across the lot, and the feller fires and hits Nosey in the leg and wings him, and he goes limpin' and cussin' and rubbin' his leg and as mad as mad can be. Teeth he digs for the man and I digs for the feller too, and I sees him tryin' to make off with somethin', and I sez, sez I, 'Drop that ere, pardner, or I'll shoot ye.' Then what does he do but fire at me, but it doesn't hit; and then I get as rily as the deuce and I go for him, but I tell you he were tarnation game. He grabbed me and tripped me up, but I put my foot under his leg and raised him and planted him in a snow puddle; and when I feels about for him to put the bracelets on, oh! oh! I was skeered. There was a dead corpse layin' aside him. The feller had been draggin' it out, and, thinks I, maybe it's the same thing we found in the pantry!"

Miranda, Esther and Louis were terribly interested at this point of the story about a corpse in the pantry. Miranda's eyes flashed with a wild fire. She exclaimed:

"The dead boy!"

"Let him go on," said Henry, gently repressing with a gesture her anxious curiosity.

"You will learn all before long. Go on Mr. Tinkle."

"Well, I gets the bracelets on the chap at last, and me and Buller—he come up while I was puttin' them on—we shoves him over to the station house and there he be now."

"Did he say anything?" demanded Henry.

"Nix, not a word, sir. But, oh! he is an ugly bird though, sir!"

"Well," exclaimed Henry, "I shall not waste another moment. I shall go over to the station house with Mr. Tinkle and find out all the facts before I return. Let's have another look over the house while I am away. I won't be very long."

So without another word Henry and Tinkle started from the room, leaving the policeman to take charge of the ladies in the parlor.

As soon as Henry left Roop said to the company:

"I seed the cellar winder open, and I thinks that's the way some of 'em got in. I could easily go down now and turn on the gas, but the dashed thing is that when once turned on the whole house'll smell so dashed bad of gas that we'll all be choked to death. You see if we could only open them ere locked doors we'd be all right. Then we could see what burners had been onturned."

"We had better wait. It is almost daylight," said Miranda. "We can afford to wait now. But in the meantime—since I see that some of you have lanterns—you might as well go over the house again and see if anything has been stolen."

"That's so, ma'am," said Roop. "We'll go up."

A party immediately acted on her words and went upstairs.

Nearly an hour elapsed before Henry and Tinkle returned. Miranda and the party in the parlor had uneasily counted the minutes. They had talked on all possible theories concerning the problem of the night and of its solution.

Then Henry made his appearance and told his story, and it was a narration deeply interesting to his auditors.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH BEER.—English beer appears to be fully as much sophisticated as the Continental kind. Out of 89 samples of beer and of materials used in the brewing of beer, examined last year by the internal revenue authorities, 61 were either adulterated or consisted of illegal ingredients.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

A "spring opening" is always pleasantly associated with agreeable thoughts, for in its many happy suggestions, there is a combination of spring and summer. It is the season when the winter costume has become shabby, and we are anxious to cast it aside to don something more in harmony with the spring sunshine. As Nature begins to change her sombre attire, and her new fresh garb of feathery green is visible everywhere, soon developing under the influence of spring and summer sunshine into bright blossoms and flowers, we then eagerly welcome the "spring opening" which will bring a change to our own dress, as well as all the pleasant suggestions associated with the costumes to be seen, among which we have the costume for walking, for traveling, for the seaside or mountain, for the fashionable summer resort, and for home wear. Among all this array is also the variety of wraps, which include the mantilla of silk or cashmere, the cloth sacque for ordinary wear, and the innumerable fantasies which have the name of fichu. With such a variety to be seen, discussed and admired, and the final selection made, there are always many perplexing questions to decide, for among all the many displays of costume and mantle, we do not always find that which is within the limits of purse and other requirements. The problem of shopping to an advantage has never been so well solved as it is now by Mr. Wanamaker, who in his Grand Depot has most successfully overcome all the difficulties which used to assail one in shopping, for instead of being obliged to turn from the beautiful and seek the economical, we now find them under his auspices combined together. I may well add that while New York formerly arrogated to herself the right of being the only place to do shopping, Mr. Wanamaker has given Philadelphia an equal attraction in his Grand Depot, in which there is a great concentration of all that one wants to buy, and at prices one wants to pay.

As it is the occasion of another of his openings, let us examine the variety of costumes and mantles to be seen. My space forbids lingering, as one is tempted to do, over the counters extending in every direction, so we will go directly to the costume department, where we find costumes and mantles for all the occasions of the season.

Here is a very stylish costume composed of prune-colored silk and prune foulard with a white design. The design embodies the princesse shape, and is trimmed on the edge of the front with a box-pleated ruffle of prune silk, trimmed with a bias band of the foulard. Perpendicular bands of the plain silk trim the sides and hold the drapery, which consists of a scarf of the plain silk edged with fringe draped diagonally across the front. In the back the skirt of plain silk is untrimmed, and the drapery of foulard is caught with handsome bows. Sleeves and double collar of the plain silk. The price of this costume is $60.

A costume conspicuous for its elegance and charming harmony of colors, was a seal brown silk combined with pale blue. The skirt was trimmed with two bias ruffles box pleated and piped with blue; two similar ruffles formed a heading with a roulean of brown, caught by bands of blue. A graceful scarf of brown was draped across the front and trimmed with blue and brown fringe; in the back the scarfs were intertwined, and fell in long ends over the train; handsome blue bows formed an additional ornament. The cuirasse corsage was piped with pale blue, and effectively trimmed with bows, double collar, and cuffs of brown and blue.

Another effective costume in which foulard is combined is black and white foulard over black silk, made in the princesse form. A gathered ruffle of foulard piped with white trims the bottom, above which is a black silk triple box-pleated ruffle with a heading. A scarf drapery of black silk is edged with a moss fringe in black and white. In the back the drapery is formed by scarfs of foulard and silk. The price is $65.

Another stylish costume was composed of silk and wool bourette, in brown flecked with white and silvery gray. The full princesse front is draped across in loose folds, which are held down by panels of seal brown silk, which terminate in loops and ends. A succession of loops and ends trim the sides. Similar panels extend down each side of the back, terminating in loops and ends. The drapery in the back is gauged about six inches deep just below the waist, and is trimmed with a handsome pressed brown and white fringe. The skirt of brown silk is trimmed with a bias ruffle with heading, and bound each side with the bourette. Plain cuirasse corsage, with panels of brown silk each side of front and back. Silk sleeves and collar. Price $60.

A very rich costume of black silk attracted attention. The front of the skirt was trimmed with a knife pleating of the same, with revers of satin inserted between the pleats in spaces. Two knife pleatings with two gathered bias ruffles trim the train. A wide scarf drapery of silk crosses the front at right angles with one of satin, both edged with handsome pressed fringe. The drapery in the back is arranged in alternate pleats of satin and silk, held down by bows of satin between. This distingue costume was marked $125.

A number of admirers were gathered around a costume of Havana brown silk and brown and silvery white bourette, which formed a full tablier edged with fringe, and caught on one side to form a cascade faced with brown silk, and on the other under a wide revers of silk. The back is pleated from the waist down; the skirt is edged by narrow gathered ruffles with a full pleated ruche as a heading. Over the pleated drapery a short drapery is arranged, and faced in the centre by cords and tassels; cuirasse basque of bourette piped with silk, silk sleeves, and silk bows ornament the corsage.

A charming costume suitable for the Spring was made of beige-colored camel's hair, and seal brown silk. The skirt was edged with two knife pleatings of seal brown silk, and a full polonaise of the camel's hair was trimmed with a knife pleating of brown silk. A succession of silk loops trimmed the front; brown silk sleeves and jacket of camel's hair, edged with a brown silk pleating and ornamented with pretty silk bows. This was marked $50.

Another very stylish Spring costume was Havana brown silk, and beige-colored cotne goat's hair, which latter formed a tablier drapery trimmed with double rows of fringe mixed with white jet. The sides were of the goat's hair pleated down plain and laced with brown silk. The back was cut open to show a pleated train of silk, over which was gracefully draped a scarf of brown silk. The corsage was cuirasse front, with a postillion back trimmed with bows of silk.

A very stylish little suit was a plain overskirt of gray cloth piped with dark, gray and blue. This was gracefully draped to wear over a black velvet skirt. A jaunty cutaway coat piped with gray and blue silk, with silk collar and cuffs, was open over a vest of gray silk piped with blue. The price of overdress, coat and vest was marked only $20.

A similar costume was of biege colored honey-comb cloth, with cardinal and pale blue threads; the pipings were of cardinal and beige-colored silk, and silk collar, cuffs, pockets and vest.

We will now look at the cheapor costumes, which fill so completely the wants of the many who seek a well-made and stylish costume for every-day wear, and for a very moderate price.

Mr. Wanamaker displays a great variety to suit all ages, tastes, and I may well say, all purses, for they begin as low as $7.50 a complete suit, and range up to $25. Here is one of the first-named price: A gray bourette flecked with navy blue; a gathered ruffle with a blue silk band trims the skirt. A full polonaise is trimmed with a bias band of blue silk; also blue silk cuffs, collar and pockets.

Here is a very pretty one for $8.50. A plain brown all wool camel's hair serge; the skirt has a bias ruffled, trimmed with bias band of the same. Half-fitting basque and overskirt trimmed with bias band. Similar costumes are in navy blue, prune and bottle-green, at the same price, while others are $10, $17, $28, etc.

We will leave the subject of dress, and inspect the bewildering variety of wraps which are shown in endless profusion.

Beginning as low as $10, the prices range up to $75, including many at $12, $15, $18, $20 and $25.

A very novel and distingue fichu was covered in the back with a plastron of iris beads; quilling of black lace and fringe trim the edge, with handsome effect. Price, $33.

Another of camel's hair is trimmed with pressed fringe galloon and clair de lune jet, and is marked $28.50.

A pretty fichu with a revers, and tied in front, is trimmed with passementerie and fringe, mingled with jet, and is only $23.

A very distingue visite mantilla is of camel's hair, with silk pleating set in the back, and silk revers in front. A handsome fringe trims the edge, and beaded lace above. Price, $45.

For $10 one can obtain a very graceful shawl fichu trimmed with jet and a tied fringe. Others at the same price are in delicate shades of cream-colored cashmere, with band of lace with appliqué embroidery in pale blue and pink-colored fringe on the edge.

A variety of useful Spring sacques were shown, made of all-wool cloth in shades of gray and brown, stitched on the edge, and handsome buttons. Price, $12.

Others in black cloth in similar styles for $7.50 up to $15.

Descending in scale again, we come to dolmans in light shades of gray or brown, trimmed with ball fringe; well-made, and most useful wraps for Spring and Summer, reduced to $4.25 and $5.50.

No one can leave this endless variety of material and costume without feeling a perfect satisfaction in the knowledge that Mr. Wanamaker has provided something for all our demands.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

Toilet Mats.—I suppose "lover of fancy work" is tired of the "inevitable Java canvas," which finds so much favor among lovers of fancy work, so I will suggest the following as a pretty style of toilet mat, and which I have seen completed with the most charming result. The foundations were cut in the desired shape, either round or square, of white paper, and then covered with sheer white muslin; the effect of the two together resembled a foundation of white silk. On this foundation was pasted a pretty design cut from cretonne flowers or figures; a few stitches were taken with colored silks here and there to keep the edges from ravelling. The edge of the mat can be then buttonholed, or a coral pattern worked, and a border of narrow lace. The effect, when completed, is like a painting on white silk.

Blanket Curtains.—I think "New Haven Subscriber" will be pleased with this suggestion in her first attempt with embroidering blankets. If she has any old lace curtains in which the border has a decided bold pattern, this border, or part of it, can be cut out and basted on the blanket or curtain material, and then worked over with the desired colors in crewel or zephyrs; the thick design is entirely covered, and results in making the embroidery stand out in bold relief, which is more effective than when it is flat.—*Constant Worker.*

Carriage Lap Wrap.—I have just seen a very pretty cover intended for summer use, which I think would answer "Country Admirer's" purpose. The foundation was of dark gray serge; the edge was scalloped and bound with red braid, in the centre of each scallop, and at the base or corner between the scallops a cluster of button-hole loops were embroidered in different colors; above this a border was formed by narrow bands of red, blue and black serge pinned out at each edge and tacked on with the same width spaces between each band; each band was worked in fancy stitches, with colored wools and silks. The centre had the monogram in appliqué work.—*Country Subscriber.*

To Bleach and Clean Straw Bonnets.—Having noticed an inquiry from "Economist" in the Chat column, I think I can give her some good hints on the question, which I hope will prove useful to her and to others:

To Clean Straw Bonnets.—The bonnets may be washed with soap and water, then rinsed in clear water, and dried in the air. They must then be washed over with the whites of eggs well beaten. The wire must be removed before washing.

To Bleach Straw Plait.—Expose it to the fumes of burning sulphur in a close chest or box, or immerse it in a weak solution of chloride of lime, and afterwards wash it well in water. Water strongly acidulated with oil of vitriol, or oxalic acid, is used also for the same purpose.

To Dye Straw Bonnets.—Black: Boil two pounds of logwood and a half a pound of lustic together for four hours; boil the bonnets in this first; then add a quarter of a pound of green copperas to the above mixture, and reboil the articles one hour longer; expose them to the air for ten minutes, place them in the liquid again for an hour, dry and brush. This will do twelve bonnets. Gray: Boil three-quarters of an ounce of outbear for three hours, add two ounces of blue paste, mix with as much water as will cover the bonnets; let them remain in soak for ten clear days; rinse and dry, and they are ready for blocking. This is enough for six bonnets. Brown: Half a pound of rustic chips, quarter of a pound of peachwood, half an ounce of madder; boil these for four hours; add half a pound of green copperas; boil for two hours; dry and brush.—*Home-spun.*

Potatoes a la Maitre d' Hotel, and Lyonaise.—If "Ignoramus" tries the following directions, she will know all about potatoes with the above titles:

Potatoes a la Maitre d' Hotel.—Slice cold boiled potatoes a quarter of an inch thick, and put into a saucepan with four or five tablespoonfuls of milk, two or three of butter, pepper, salt, and some chopped parsley; heat quickly, stirring all the time, until ready to boil, then stir in the juice of half a lemon. Pour into a deep dish and serve very hot.

Lyonaise potatoes are cold boiled potatoes cut in thin slices, and fried with a chopped onion and parsley.—*Constant Reader.*

I would like some directions for making crumpets.—*Young Bettie.*

School Girl.—For eruptions, roughness and all skin diseases, use the Duchesse Centennial Cream, prepared and sold by Mad. Payne, 432 Green wich street, Philadelphia.—*Rebbie.*

In return for the many good recipes I have had from the Chat contributors, I send one for potato pudding:

Potato Pudding.—Six oz. pounded potatos, six oz. of butter beaten to a cream, the yolks of four eggs and the whites of three, one lemon boiled and pounded, six oz. sifted white sugar. Mix well and bake in a moderately hot oven until nicely browned.—*Western Reader.*

Will some of the good cooks send me a recipe for making good jumbles or cookies, not plain ones.—*Texas Girl.*

I would like you to publish my inquiry for making orange jelly. I have an idea, but am not very sure.—*Louisiana.*

Will some one tell me how to make lemon cheese-cakes?—*Young Tot.*

Can any of your contributors tell me how to make a good baking powder?—*Farmer's Wife.*

I would like directions to make rice croquettes.—*Frontier Post.*

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS

M., (Calhoun, Ala.)—A slight bow when your name is announced is all that is necessary.

J. C., (Grant, Wis.)—Jane is the feminine of John, which is of Hebrew derivation, meaning "the grace of the Lord." We do not know the others.

C. P. W. (Butler, Pa.)—There is no impropriety in your receiving a present of books from a male friend, although you may not be engaged to him.

MARIAN, (Wayne, Mich.)—The hostess usually sits near the entrance to the ball-room and receives guests. There is no need to bow when you enter the room.

SEVENTEEN, (Warren, N. Y.)—Nineteen is, in our opinion, much too young for a man to be engaged, as at that age he is not at all likely to know his own mind.

S. M. (Morgan, Tenn.)—Artificial fruit is frequently made of gutta percha. It is also made of wax and glass. We are sorry we are unable to give you directions for making it.

E. W. (Bladen, N. C.)—Your lines are pretty, but we should advise you not to spend any money on their being set to music, as there is not enough merit or novelty in them to sell.

V. (Rockingham, Vt.)—Your voice has in all probability settled to a contralto. If you took lessons of a good master and practised constantly you would doubtless be able to extend the compass of your voice.

DAISY, (Fairfield, Conn.)—A lady would certainly appear singular if she wore a band of crape on her arm as mourning. Many persons have suggested this reformation in mourning, but we have never known it to be put in practice.

TRY AGAIN, (Armstrong, Pa.)—Give up drinking, and probably you will see things differently, and get a clearer light as to your duty. If your family has so high a character, you bring them into disrepute by your bad habits. This is all the advice we have to give you.

ANXIOUS, (Vernon, Wis.)—Marry her as soon as you are able to support a wife. It is better that wives should be younger than their husbands, but when one is only a year older that is no harm. If she continues to love you so warmly and you be as her, the question of your ages won't enter your heads.

SABINA, (Bristol, Mass.)—Serviettes, or table napkins, are placed between the knife and fork and are used by all persons who have any pretensions to a well arranged table. They are useful, as they certainly prevent the chance of spots of gravy or anything else falling upon the dress of either ladies or gentlemen.

SCULL, (Bedford, Va.)—There is an old adage which says, "Marry your son when you will, your daughter when you can." Circumstances must rule in such cases. Our own opinion, however, is that a young lady should not marry until she is of age, and that a gentleman should be twenty-four or five before he marries.

EXILES, (Germantown, Pa.)—The Astor Place riot took place in New York on the night of May 10, '49, and was due to a rivalry between Forrest and Macready. The latter was playing at the theatre in Astor Place, when it was attacked by a mob, supposed to consist mainly of Forrest's friends. Twenty-two persons were killed, and thirty-six were wounded.

JERUSHA, (Wood, W. Va.)—Lotto is played with numbered cards and counters. The players each take two or three cards, one person calling out the number on the counters as he takes them up, giving each to the player who first answers "here." This is placed on the corresponding number on the card. The first who fills one card with counters wins the game.

PANOLA, (Decatur, Kan.)—Cast steel is a mixture of scraps of different varieties of blistered steel, collected together in a good refractory clay crucible; upon this a cover is luted, and it is exposed to an intense heat in a blast furnace for three or four hours. The contents is then run into moulds. After being subjected to the blows of a tilt-hammer the cast steel is ready for use.

EMMA, (Hennepin, Minn.)—They are not native to America. The camelia was carried to England in 1739, and a few years afterward the heliotrope and tigridia. The verbena grows wild in Brazil, the marigold is an African flower, and a great number from China and Japan. The little daphne was carried to England by Captain Ross from almost the farthest land he visited toward the North Pole.

H. WILKES, (Briar Creek, N. C.)—The number of ribs in the human body, male and female, is usually twelve on each side. In some rare instances, however, thirteen have been found and again eleven. They are distinguished into true and false ribs. The former are the upper ribs towards the neck, which are attached to the sternum or breast bone, and the latter those that are usually known as "short ribs," connected with the spine only.

READER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The Latin Union was formed in 1864, by France, Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium. Its object was and it adopted a common coinage of silver and gold, in the proportion of 15½ to 1. When Germany adopted the gold standard, these states immediately restricted the coinage of silver to close limits. Austria has begun, since 1870, to coin gold pieces equivalent to the 20-franc pieces of France.

OBSERVER, (Camden, N. J.)—What is called the great fire of London broke out in a baker's shop in Pudding Lane, about one o'clock on Sunday morning, September 2, 1666. It raged furiously until the afternoon of Wednesday, September 5. In all, three hundred and ninety-one acres were burned over; 89 out of the twenty-six wards were swept clean, and eight others partially destroyed; four hundred streets were swept out of existence, and thirteen thousand two hundred dwellings, eighty-nine churches, four of the city gates, together with a vast number of costly private and public edifices, were burned. It was larger than the Boston, New York and Chicago fires combined.

A. (Somerset, Md.)—You have got a large amount of good sense and have suggested the very course you ought to pursue. You should leave home as soon as possible after the marriage takes place, for you would only be in the way of the new wife, who, very well though she may appear, would much prefer to have a grown up daughter of her husband's five elsewhere. Advertise for a situation and you are certain to get one, for good female domestic servants are very difficult to procure; but be careful that you get into a family where servants are fairly fed and treated, for often there is a sad want of consideration for the necessities of the kitchen.

BUTTERNUT, (Richmond, Va.)—The total number of pensioners of the United States of 1861, the year of the outbreak of the civil war, was 6,638. The number rapidly increased until it reached its maximum in 1873, when the number was 238,411. Since then there has been a reduction each year till 1877 the number was 232,104. The highest number of widows, orphans, etc., was in 1875, being 118,916; in 1877 they had fallen off to 103,391. But while more than 15,000 of these have disappeared from the pay roll, the number of invalids has grown from 119,509 in 1873 to 128,723 in 1877, so that the average reduction has been comparatively small. Unless involved in new wars, it is hardly the pension roll will thereafter be rapidly reduced. The total amount paid for the fiscal year was $28,122,668, and of this more than one-half went to the widows and children of soldiers and sailors.

BRADFORD, (Saunders, Neb.)—The Patent Office. The Constitution of the United States provides that Congress shall promote the progress of science and the useful arts by securing, for limited times, to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries. Acting upon this authority, Congress passed the first patent law which secured to inventors the sole and exclusive right to make and sell their inventions for terms of fourteen years, upon complying with certain conditions. This law was approved April 10, 1790, and remained in force three years, when it was repealed. During the first year of its operation, but three patents were granted; the second year the number was increased to thirty-three; and the next year the number declined to eleven. Several changes and modifications have taken place since. Consult a lawyer.

INQUIRER, (Phila, Pa.)—The treaty of Paris, which has so often been referred to in connection with the late war in Europe, is as follows: The first stipulation is that the status quo should be maintained in Asia, and that Russia should give back Kars. The second is that Russia should restore that portion of Bessarabia to Moldavia which lessens the mouth of the Danube. The third is that the exclusive right of a protectorate over the principalities should be taken away from the Czar and be exercised only by Europe. The fourth is that the Black Sea should be neutralized, and Russia and Turkey should be bound not to build or keep any maritime establishments there. The right is reserved only for Turkey and Russia to have a number of unarmed war vessels, viz.: six of six tons each, and four of 200 tons each. The fifth is that the independence and integrity of the Porte shall be secured by the six signatory powers, viz.: England, France, Sardinia, Austria, Prussia and Russia. It is also agreed that all disputes arising between these powers and the Porte should be submitted to the co-signatories. England, France and Austria are bound by a separate treaty to support the clauses of the treaty of Paris.

SUFFERER, (Clarion, Pa.)—Your case is a very singular one, but we really see little in the circumstances that you should justly complain of. The mere fact that other people are in love and therefore act in what you consider a strange manner, ought not to be a source of annoyance. If envy of their happy situation or disappointment of some kind have nothing to do with your feelings in the matter, it is difficult to perceive why you cannot go to sleep and cease troubling yourself about the whole business. The vagaries of lovers has been a theme of speculation and remark from time immemorial, but they seldom cause totally disinterested personages—such as you would have us to believe you to be—to lose their rest and worry themselves into taking notice of them. The best thing to be done in your case is to go about your duties and pay no attention to either the heart-smitten bachelor, his piano, or his songs. If the situation is pleasant in every other respect it would be the height of folly to think of changing solely because it annoys you, to see an old bachelor who is in love. Your question about the sandrock is not made sufficiently plain. It occurs in quite a number of the geological divisions and bears different names according to circumstances.

GEORGE, (Hamilton, Ill.)—The Tower of Babel as known to modern days was a lofty temple built at Babylon, in Asia, by Belus, both as an observatory and a temple of the sun. It remains still in existence, under the name of Birs Nimrud, and has been described often. It was formed of eight square towers, one on the other, six hundred and fifty feet high, and the same at each side of its base. Lately its height was one hundred and sixty feet, and the rocks, between every three or four layers of brick, were perfectly fresh, while the brick seem to be calcined by fire. Babylon continued for two thousand years to be the most splendid city in the world, and as Alexander found it as late as 330 B. C. It decayed on the building of Bagdad by the Caliphs, as better situated for intercourse, in 762 A. D. According to the Jewish annals, it was built 2,234 B. C., beautified and enlarged in 2,220, by Semiramis, who led from it her armies of all nations. The Euphrates passed through it. It was a square, fifteen miles on each side, with one hundred brass gates. It was composed of twenty-five streets each way, fifteen miles long, and one hundred and fifty feet broad, crossing each other at right angles, besides four half streets two hundred feet wide, facing the walls, in detached houses, with gardens and pleasure-grounds. The walls were eighty-seven feet thick, and three hundred and seventy feet high.